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# THE MUSICAL

APRIL

# MONTHLY

1864.

AND REPERTOIRE OF LITERATURE  
THE DRAMA & THE ARTS.

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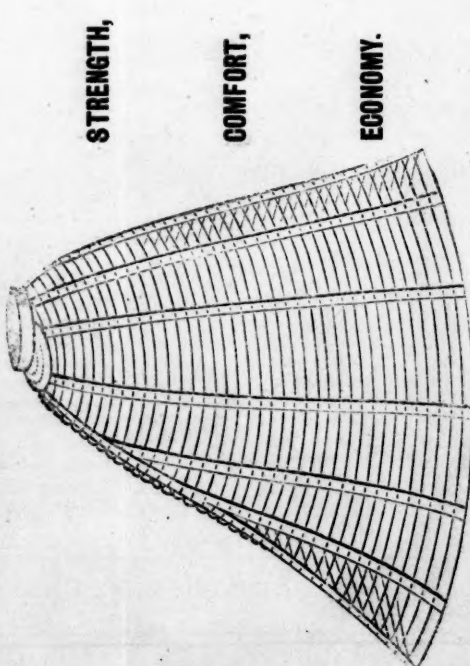
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ORGAN OF THE MUSES.

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APRIL 1st, 1864.

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## Editorials.

### HOMAGE TO SHAKSPEARE.

READER, will you not readily believe us that it is with great trepidation we take up the pen to discourse upon SHAKSPEARE? All that we can say has been better said long ago, and has never been questioned by a man of really sane mind. Then why repeat it? Alas! journalism is sometimes cruelly exacting with its ministers. Could we in a Magazine for April in the 300th year of SHAKSPEARE, when all the nation, by well or ill directed efforts is striving to do him honour, preserve the silence of indifference from false modesty? No; like the ragamuffin who enthusiastically throws up his battered hat at a royal procession, or like the withered old crone who shrieks out "God bless her!" at the departure of a newly-wedded princess, we, disregarding personal appearance, and abandoning ourselves to the current of general excitement, will add our feeble voice to the universal shout in honour of SHAKSPEARE, in defiance of the cold and self-possessed people in the crowd who may sneer at our enthusiasm.

If there is one thing that Englishmen should pride themselves upon even more than upon their glorious constitutional freedom, it is the possession of the works of the BARD OF AVON. Had he been our only dramatist, our only poet, nay, our only author, who will deny that English literature would have stood foremost in the world for excellence, if not extent? So eminent are his writings for universality of thought and allusion, that none admit of more numerous and varied quotation, except the Bible, and that (humanly considered) constitutes the literature of ages. To comprehend him thoroughly, and to write his eulogium perfectly, we should require a mind almost equal to his own, which grasped the whole circle of human thought, and became a new and real Atlas to support, not only the pre-existent world of ideas, but a second world of imagination created by himself. There is not a passion, not a motive of man, that SHAKSPEARE has not evolved to exhaustion. If a modern writer wishes to intensify his delineation of love, he takes for comparison 'Romeo' and 'Juliet'; if he would depict an often-supervening passion, he cites the 'jealous Moor'; if he seeks a model of infernal treachery from which to sketch, he finds it in the foul 'Iago'; if he would eke out his own portraiture of profound melancholy, he adduces the character of 'Hamlet'; if he would paint passionate and diabolic hate, he studies the utterances of 'Lady Macbeth'; if he desires to observe gross humour to the life, he scrutinizes 'Falstaff'; and so on through the whole range of human passion and sentiment—for our Magazine would scarcely contain the catalogue that might be constructed.

Other men may have occasionally written tragedy as powerful, comedy as piquante, extravagance as charming, farce as humorous, songs as pretty, as SHAKSPEARE; but they have been, in comparison with him, only as men who have well studied the

topography of a village, a district, or a single country, while he has constructed us a great and minute atlas of the whole world of human experience, and, carrying his researches into the celestial realms of imagination, has left us also a grand chart of their starry sphere. Nothing was too little for his attention, nothing too great for his comprehension, except infinity; and of infinity itself he seems to have partaken, as far as we can understand it, in the wide grasp of his mind upon the great and the little. To make a sorry comparison, his intellect was like the trunk of the elephant, which tears down a tree or picks up a needle with equal facility. Had we not certainty on the subject, we could scarcely believe that the same mind had given birth to the soliloquy of 'Hamlet' and the songs of 'Ariel,' the deep pathos of *Othello* and the light fantasies of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*.

But it is not only the production of works so numerous and varied in character that marks SHAKSPEARE'S genius. The almost supernatural powers evinced by his intuitive knowledge of man's heart causes him to be especially natural in each of his creations that comes within the ordinary sphere of nature. It has been truly said that he has scarcely written a pure tragedy, in the classical sense; and that this is so—that he has always known how to mingle emotions naturally, while giving us a picture in which some predominate, is his greatest and most admirable characteristic as an author. Other writers have too often evolved their creations, like the German mystics, out of their own consciousness, without fidelity to nature, as a certain sculptor, in his extreme care for the lines of beauty in a horse, gave him a saddle without a girth. But SHAKSPEARE neglected no such minutiae; and knowing that no actual human tragedy could occur without its comic interludes, and conversely, he wrote to nature, not to rule, and created for us a vast panorama in which the world is reflected as it is, and not as he would have it.

To attempt a summary of the character of our great Bard as an author, we believe him to be distinguished above all others by the combination of various characteristics. If we take a general survey of his works, we are astonished by their number, their diversity of character, and the grandeur of conception or fertility of imagination which nearly all alike evince. If we come to study his works individually, we admire at every step his intimate knowledge of human nature, the natural current of his events, the fulness, the terseness, the quaintness, or the prettiness, but always the appropriateness of his speech. And from this last quality, and the wide range of his subjects, it arises that most of our common proverbs exhibit an identity or close connection with Shaksperian utterances. Whether he wholly originated or in part embodied so many of our proverbial sayings, his works can never lose that fame which attaches to them as the principal repository of a people's wisdom.

We may be sneered at for writing thus, as we have already anticipated; and some witty cynics may animadvert upon the homage that will this

month be paid to SHAKSPEARE, that we worship him only as too many do their God, with the lips at stated seasons, and that we are wanting in practical appreciation of his worth. It is part of the cant of the age to represent our greatest Bard as neglected on the stage and unread in the study. We believe this to be a slander upon our generation. As for the stage, we have spent some dozen years in London, and we can scarcely remember the time when one of his plays was not "out" at some theatre; and we have a lively sense of having seen many of them enacted at Sadler's Wells and the Princess's, not to speak of minor and more occasional representations; and we never beheld more attentive or rapt audiences than his works secured. As for the study, if SHAKSPEARE is unread, how comes it that he is more quoted than he has been in any former age? Even if his works were entirely abandoned on the stage, they would still form a chief study of every intellectual person in private. That they are so studied is evidenced by the many editions of them published; and publishers are shrewd men of business, who do not expend money merely to gratify personal admiration of a man's writings. In short, it is a work of supererogation to attempt to prove to persons of cultivated minds that SHAKSPEARE is not neglected nowadays. When he is neglected, the nation will be relapsing into barbarism or savagery. We cannot expect that a majority of the uneducated or half-educated multitude will appreciate the terse and often semi-obsolete language of SHAKSPEARE; but he will always have many students and admirers when his language is dead as the Latin of Horace.

We have expressed our opinion freely in former articles upon the shortcomings of Tercentenary Committees; but those who may have attributed our expressions to want of sympathy with their declared ultimate objects, will now, we trust, be undeceived. We have felt that it did not rest with this or that clique of men to do honour to SHAKSPEARE; and when we thought their energies ill directed, we spoke more out of reverence for the poet than out of animosity to his would-be commemorators. But Committees or no Committees, we doubt not that the Tercentenary of SHAKSPEARE will be worthily celebrated, if only by the utterances of serial literature, and the publication of appropriate, if short-lived effusions. He will obtain, after the lapse of three centuries, a vast monument of concurrent eulogy similar to that erected to the memory of THACKERAY within a few days of his death, and which the Press of no former epoch could have erected.

Although we exceed the limits of our space, we cannot help expressing our wonder, what will be the feelings on the 23rd of April of those literary monomaniacs who have denied the identity of the author of SHAKSPEARE'S plays—for aught we know, the existence of SHAKSPEARE; for we have never read any of their profanities, having enough to do to keep ourselves moderately acquainted with the sane literature of the day. Speaking reverently, we have always regarded the men who would





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# THE MUSICAL MONTHLY,

REPERTOIRE OF LITERATURE

THE DRAMA AND THE ARTS

ORGAN OF THE MUSES.

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## Editorials.

### HOMAGE TO SHAKSPEARE.

READER, will you not readily believe us that it is with great trepidation we take up the pen to discourse upon SHAKSPEARE? All that we can say has been better said long ago, and has never been questioned by a man of really sane mind. Then why repeat it? Alas! journalism is sometimes cruelly exacting with its ministers. Could we in a Magazine for April in the 300th year of SHAKSPEARE, when all the nation, by well or ill directed efforts is striving to do him honour, preserve the silence of indifference from false modesty? No; like the ragamuffin who enthusiastically throws up his battered hat at a royal procession, or like the withered old crone who shrieks out "God bless her!" at the departure of a newly-wedded princess, we, disregarding personal appearance, and abandoning ourselves to the current of general excitement, will add our feeble voice to the universal shout in honour of SHAKSPEARE, in defiance of the cold and self-possessed people in the crowd who may sneer at our enthusiasm.

If there is one thing that Englishmen should pride themselves upon even more than upon their glorious constitutional freedom, it is the possession of the works of the BARD OF AVON. Had he been our only dramatist, our only poet, nay, our only author, who will deny that English literature would have stood foremost in the world for excellence, if not extent? So eminent are his writings for universality of thought and allusion, that none admit of more numerous and varied quotation, except the Bible, and that (humanly considered) constitutes the literature of ages. To comprehend him thoroughly, and to write his eulogium perfectly, we should require a mind almost equal to his own, which grasped the whole circle of human thought, and became a new and real Atlas to support, not only the pre-existent world of ideas, but a second world of imagination created by himself. There is not a passion, not a motive of man, that SHAKSPEARE has not evolved to exhaustion. If a modern writer wishes to intensify his delineation of love, he takes for comparison 'Romeo' and 'Juliet'; if he would depict an often-supervening passion, he cites the 'jealous Moor'; if he seeks a model of infernal treachery from which to sketch, he finds it in the foul 'Iago'; if he would eke out his own portraiture of profound melancholy, he adduces the character of 'Hamlet'; if he would paint passionate and diabolical hate, he studies the utterances of 'Lady Macbeth'; if he desires to observe gross humour to the life, he scrutinizes 'Falstaff'; and so on through the whole range of human passion and sentiment—for our Magazine would scarcely contain the catalogue that might be constructed.

Other men may have occasionally written tragedy as powerful, comedy as piquante, extravaganza as charming, farce as humorous, songs as pretty, as SHAKSPEARE; but they have been, in comparison with him, only as men who have well studied the

topography of a village, a district, or a single country, while he has constructed us a great and minute atlas of the whole world of human experience, and, carrying his researches into the celestial realms of imagination, has left us also a grand chart of their starry sphere. Nothing was too little for his attention, nothing too great for his comprehension, except infinity; and of infinity itself he seems to have partaken, as far as we can understand it, in the wide grasp of his mind upon the great and the little. To make a sorry comparison, his intellect was like the trunk of the elephant, which tears down a tree or picks up a needle with equal facility. Had we not certainty on the subject, we could scarcely believe that the same mind had given birth to the soliloquy of 'Hamlet' and the songs of 'Ariel,' the deep pathos of *Othello* and the light fantasies of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*.

But it is not only the production of works so numerous and varied in character that marks SHAKSPEARE'S genius. The almost supernatural powers evinced in his intuitive knowledge of man's heart causes him to be especially natural in each of his creations that comes within the ordinary sphere of nature. It has been truly said that he has scarcely written a pure tragedy, in the classical sense; and that this is so—that he has always known how to mingle emotions naturally, while giving us a picture in which some predominate, is his greatest and most admirable characteristic as an author. Other writers have too often evolved their creations, like the German mystics, out of their own consciousness, without fidelity to nature, as a certain sculptor, in his extreme care for the lines of beauty in a horse, gave him a saddle without a girth. But SHAKSPEARE neglected no such minutiae; and knowing that no actual human tragedy could occur without its comic interludes, and conversely, he wrote to nature, not to rule, and created for us a vast panorama in which the world is reflected as it is, and not as he would have it.

To attempt a summary of the character of our great Bard as an author, we believe him to be distinguished above all others by the combination of various characteristics. If we take a general survey of his works, we are astonished by their number, their diversity of character, and the grandeur of conception or fertility of imagination which nearly all alike evince. If we come to study his works individually, we admire at every step his intimate knowledge of human nature, the natural current of his events, the fullness, the terseness, the quaintness, or the prettiness, but always the appropriateness of his speech. And from this last quality, and the wide range of his subjects, it arises that most of our common proverbs exhibit an identity or close connection with Shaksperian utterances. Whether he wholly originated or in part embodied so many of our proverbial sayings, his works can never lose that fame which attaches to them as the principal repository of a people's wisdom.

We may be sneered at for writing thus, as we have already anticipated; and some witty cynics may animadvert upon the homage that will this

month be paid to SHAKSPEARE, that we worship him only as too many do their God, with the lips at stated seasons, and that we are wanting in practical appreciation of his worth. It is part of the cant of the age to represent our greatest Bard as neglected on the stage and unread in the study. We believe this to be a slander upon our generation. As for the stage, we have spent some dozen years in London, and we can scarcely remember the time when one of his plays was not "out" at some theatre; and we have a lively sense of having seen many of them enacted at Sadler's Wells and the Princess's, not to speak of minor and more occasional representations; and we never beheld more attentive or rapt audiences than his works secured. As for the study, if SHAKSPEARE is unread, how comes it that he is more quoted than he has been in any former age? Even if his works were entirely abandoned on the stage, they would still form a chief study of every intellectual person in private. That they are so studied is evidenced by the many editions of them published; and publishers are shrewd men of business, who do not expend money merely to gratify personal admiration of a man's writings. In short, it is a work of supererogation to attempt to prove to persons of cultivated minds that SHAKSPEARE is not neglected nowadays. When he is neglected, the nation will be relapsing into barbarism or savagery. We cannot expect that a majority of the uneducated or half-educated multitude will appreciate the terse and often semi-obsolete language of SHAKSPEARE; but he will always have many students and admirers when his language is dead as the Latin of Horace.

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snatch the laurel-wreath from our great Bard's brow as akin to those who would deprive our SAVIOUR of his crown of thorns; and we deprecate literary only less than religious scepticism. As for those who from worldly callousness, or pharisaical piety, have no appreciation for the subject of our remarks, we have not a thought to waste upon them. Thank God! all Britain, with a few miserable exceptions, is unanimous in rendering all the worship that man may pay to man to the greatest dramatist, the greatest poet, and the greatest author of this country or the world—the intellectual giant by whose birth our land was so eminently favoured on the 23rd of April, 1564.

#### ENGLISH LIBRETTO-WRITING.

We have now before us two specimens of English libretto-writing: the one being Mr. CHORLEY's *Faust*, which he denominates an "imitation" of the French; the other being Mr. FITZBALL's *She Stoops to Conquer*. Last month we had occasion casually to refer to both of these productions, but not from the purely literary point of view: we criticised them as forming portions of English opera, and perhaps it may be objected that it is hardly fair to separate them from their foster parents, M. GOUNOD and Mr. MACFARREN, and test them by compelling them to run alone. By selecting them for literary criticism we show that we do not hold with this opinion. On the eve of celebrating the tercentenary of the world's greatest dramatist, it would be mistaken lenity were we to refrain from taking off the buskin from the meagre leg of the hack, and exposing the fallacy of the attempt to cover literary sins beneath the wide cloaks of great musicians. We are the more inclined to put aside all consideration for the circumstances under which the work has been executed, because Mr. CHORLEY cannot surely wish to claim any mitigation of censure on such a score. He is known as the musical critic of the *Athenæum*; and although that is saying but very little, he no doubt possesses a lofty idea of his dignity, and is conscious that he ought to know what are his own powers. That he has flown at too high game we may be able to prove; and as for Mr. FITZBALL, he is open to the same reflection, although he may have less reputation to lose. In *King Lear* 'Edgar' exclaims—

"I heard myself proclaim'd,  
And by the happy hollow of a tree  
Escaped the hunt."

There is no such refuge for libretto-writers, and therefore we will proceed to a brief examination of these operas.

The authorized edition of Mr. CHORLEY's "imitation" opens with some "alterations in text." This is a gratifying incident. It proves that our author is, in a measure at least, conscious of his deficiencies, and possesses industry, which not unfrequently acts as a substitute for ability. In an opera, however, it never can. Poetry cannot be made by machinery. Were it otherwise, Messrs. CHORLEY and FITZBALL might be great librettists. We wonder if it ever occurred to the former gentleman that there is music in versification. If he possessed a musical ear, could he have written?—

"Sister once loved, now deserted,  
Hear a brother's last words,  
Ere life's pulse be arrested:  
From death no mortal can flee," &c.

Or, being endowed with tolerable common sense, or a correct idea of the meaning and relationship of words, could he have chirruped in this strain?—

"The earth it is reeling,  
The bliss of a trance  
Wildly are we feeling,  
Long live the dance!"

Or with a notion of rhythm, with the ear of a fourth-form boy scanning his Virgil, could he have deluded himself into a belief that the following was anything less than atrocious?—

"Ah! might it only be,  
He could my beauty see,  
Like any royal lady."

In addition to the discord of these last-quoted lines, the sense contained therein is most questionable. One lady's beauty cannot be like an entire royal lady, and therefore we must believe that it is the

emphasized "he" that is compared to the "lady"—which is made to rhyme with the two convenient monosyllables "be" and "see." Again, where the passion of exhortation or solace might, one would conceive, stir up even the shallow stream of poetic feeling which may be supposed to have some tiny location in nature's such as Mr. CHORLEY's, he falls lamentably short of even the fire of a provincial journal's poets'-corner. 'Faust,' after a pause, gently raises 'Margaret,' and exclaims—

"O fair and tender child!  
Angel so holy,  
Thou shalt control me."

That miserable "so"! the inevitable thorn in the side of pigmy poets! Then "holy" to rhyme with "control me"; But Mr. CHORLEY's attempt at a ballad is about the finest piece of drollery we have seen for a long time. He begins, of course, in the orthodox fashion, and for the moment you imagine you catch the ring of the true metal, but a moment after you clap your hands to your ears, and rush out of the room. Hear him:—

"Over the sea, in Thule of old,  
Reign'd a king who was true-hearted,"—

We get as far as this with tolerable satisfaction; but having to find a rhyme, our poet breaks down in this style—

"And as token of one departed  
Treasured up a goblet of gold."

If two or three elderly women at a bucolic tea-fight were seized suddenly with a mania for writing ballads, could they perpetrate anything more discreditable? This idea of a society of elderly women occurs to us because it looks very much as if more than one hand had been at work in this ballad. There is some rhythm in the first line, but could failure be more melancholy than the failure to infuse a little music into the unavoidable rhyme of the last? Did space permit, we might take Mr. CHORLEY's production almost line by line and expose endless absurdities. But, in addition to consideration for our space, we must remember that we are dealing with an obscurity who cannot degrade wit by his imbecile efforts to rise above his capacity, and we may safely leave him to hang in the noose of his own careful construction.

Poor GOLDSMITH! what evil destiny is it which pursues thee? Dunned in thy lifetime, thou art libelled when dead. We grudge our modern playwrights none of their French models, but to find sweet GOLDSMITH rigged out in the habiliments of Mr. FITZBALL makes us shudder for the possible fate of the contemporaries whose fame we respect. We positively cannot enter seriously upon an examination of *She Stoops to Conquer*, as it lies before us, printed on fifty-four demy octavo pages. Why we cannot command our gravity will be easily explained when we cite a few lines—let us remark that they appear in an opera dignified by performance at Covent Garden—which are placed under the heading of Village Sports:—

"Hurrah! hurrah for the noble game of cricket!  
It strengthens the arm, and it sharpens the sight;  
The man with his bat that can stoutly guard a wicket  
Will bowl out the French in a fair stand-up fight."

What utter twaddle! What a pitiable attempt at a play upon words! And this is libretto-writing—libretto-writing for music to be composed by Macfarren! From beginning to end good taste is shocked by doggerel such as this, rising as it does little above the strained nonsense of a Christmas pantomime or burlesque. Whilst wondering how it is that tasks so important fall into hands not only incompetent but totally unsuited to its creditable performance, we are tempted to ask why the men hang back who might throw a lustre on English opera?

Strongly as we may reprobate the clumsy method in which the libretti under notice are constructed, and keenly as we feel the great gulf which lies between our stock versifiers and even a semblance of true art, we are inclined to believe that these extravagant failures may do some good. Mr. CHORLEY may exclaim with the fair Phœnissian—

"Non ignara mali, miseris succurrere disco;"

and kindly exercising his office of critic may possibly atone for his own false step by bringing out into the light the young genius which must be

lurking somewhere. Therefore his blunder may in the issue be profitable. But for Mr. FITZBALL there does not remain even this poor consolation, and the only event which can possibly bring joy to his unpoetic breast must be the close of the opera season, and the consignment to impenetrable obscurity of his half-witted production. In support of the assertion that we have not been unwarrantably severe in our criticism, we would refer our readers to the published works sold at what we must consider the high price of one shilling; but, in consideration for the authors, in consideration for the unhappy GOLDSMITH, and in consideration for the sensibilities of our readers, we refrain, merely observing that our aim has been to form an impartial judgment upon works upon which we should have rejoiced to have been able to pronounce a favorable verdict.

#### Contributed Essays.

##### CERTAIN SHAKSPERIAN SIMILARITIES.

It is an admitted fact that most writers have some characteristics of style, and can generally be recognised by their language, their manner of narration, or some other distinctive feature. How often G. P. R. James's very characteristic manner of opening a novel has been burlesqued and copied—his two travellers winding on horseback down a mountain road in the red of sunset—the one dark and elderly, the other young and fair, &c.; and have not imitations been made, from the *Rejected Addresses* of Horace and James Smith to the *Novels by Eminent Hands* of W. M. Thackeray. There are, however, other characteristics besides those of diction, and the mannerisms of authors. Men who are constantly writing are apt to have some principal leading ideas and some scraps of information, perhaps from their childhood, which are ever revolving in their minds, and which unconsciously fall from their pen. The ease with which such anecdotes, facts, similes, or whatever they may be, flow from the writer frequently causes them to constitute some of the most admired portions of his writings. To give an instance, take one of our greatest novelists, Thackeray himself, how often the oriental custom of throwing the handkerchief at the accepted lady has been appositely and effectively introduced by him into his stories.

These passages, we have said, often are among the writer's best; and we doubt not, if a collection of the Beauties of Thackeray was compiled, such as Dodd's *Beauties of Shakespeare*, that not only the judicious selector would cull his most Thackerayesque passages, but among these beauties would be found the greater part of his similarities. By their proximity and also by the absence of connection, the mind not being carried on so rapidly, these would be easily recognised. Such was the case in the present instance, and the facility with which these coincidences are discoverable is greatly increased by the manner in which Shakespeare is mutilated in Dodd's *Beauties*. It was Johnson who said that "he that tries to recommend Shakespeare by select quotations, will succeed like the pedant in Hierocles, who, when he offered his house for sale, carried a brick in his pocket as a specimen."

One of the most remarkable of these resembling ideas, in so much that it seems to have been ever recurring in Shakespeare's mind was, that

"All the world's a stage,  
And the men and women merely players."

But when we come to think of Shakespeare as a player by profession, a call-boy originally some say, it is very natural to think that sometimes, as he stood in the wings of the theatre in his professional avocation, or, if there were not such, as he stood aloof waiting for his cue, that as he saw the poor player strutting and fretting his hour upon the stage, and then make his exit when he was to be heard no more, that he occasionally moralized on what passed before him; and when he took the pen in his hand, that the conception often and easily found its way into his plays. The thought we have quoted as it occurs in *As You Like It*, and alluded to the idea of the poor player as it is in *Macbeth*. In the *Merchant of Venice* Antonio lugubriously says—

"I hold the world but as a stage, Gratiano—  
A stage where every man must play a part,  
And mine a sad one;"

and then, carrying out the simile, the loquacious Gratiano says, "Let me play the fool," from whence came the proverbial expression "to play the fool," a character that ever since, we may remark, has been played often to perfection.



The Globe Theatre, which was especially Shakespeare's, appears from the allusion in the prologue to *Henry V.*, where it is spoken of as a "Wooden O," though hexagonal outside to have been round within, and some have supposed that from this originated the name of the theatre. It is more probable that it is derived from the sign, which was a figure of Hercules supporting the Globe, under which was written "Totus mundus agit histrionem." Without entering into any dispute concerning Shakespeare's classical attainments, the meaning doubtless was familiar amongst him and his fellow-actors. Ben Jonson wrote the following couplet on this motto.

"If but stage actors all the world displays,  
Where shall we find spectators of their plays?"

In reply to which Shakespeare wrote,

"Little, or much, of what we see, we do;  
We are both actors and spectators too."

In these little scraps, that lie about the desk of the author, there is much to interest, at least as relics; they, lying about the workshops of wit, have been compared to the chippings that are scattered about the studio of a Phidias. To change the illustration to the more important branch of the sculptor's art, in them may be discerned the rough-hewn block that is gradually defined into the polished *chef d'œuvre* of the artist's creation; they are the unripened thoughts, that are mellowed, by time and genial warmth, into the richest fruits of the dramatist's imagination.

More closely connected with the histrionic profession are some passages to which we have not as yet referred. In fact, they are so nearly allied to the occupation, and so manifestly the result of experience that in them cannot fail to be observed, in a most interesting manner, the author in his profession. Critics, and those who have endeavoured to form a chronology of his works, have disputed as to whether they were written before or after he had donned the sock and buskin. Some have thought that he had seen enough of actors before he left Stratford to have written the passages. It is probable that some strolling members may have visited the town, and performed in a barn, or, as was usual in that time, that Lord Warwick had a company of comedians to perform at his castle; but the slight insight so gained could scarcely have informed Shakespeare of the feelings of an actor. The lines to which we now allude are strikingly similar in the main idea. The first occurs in his 23rd sonnet, when, lamenting and at the same time explaining the want of language to express his love, he says that he is

"As an imperfect actor on the stage,  
Who with his fear is put beside his part."

Though for a different purpose, identically the same idea is to be found in *Coriolanus*, where the tears and entreaties of his wife and of his aged mother melt at length the sternness of the hitherto inexorable warrior to compliance, and he then soliloquizes that

"Like a dull actor, now  
I have forgot my part, and I am out  
Even to full disgrace."

The "dull" and the "imperfect actor" also may be recognised in the play of *Richard II.*, where the Duke of York, being asked by his wife, "Where rides poor Richard, the while Bolingbroke passes along triumphant and greeted on all sides?" he replies

"As in a theatre, the eyes of men,  
After a well-graced actor leaves the stage,  
Are idly bent on him that enters next,  
Thinking his prattle to be tedious,  
Even so, or with much more contempt, men's eyes  
Did scowl on Richard: no man cried God save him."

Beside this idea of all the world being a stage, there is another that sometimes, though not so frequently, is to be found in his productions. He seems to have had a theory deeply rooted in him, and a good one too, that princes ought to be mirrors by which their subjects should adorn both their minds and their bodies; in short, that they were to be the models by whom all should endeavour to form themselves, *regis ad exemplum totus componitur orbis*. This maxim is inculcated in the description of Hotspur in *Henry IV.*, in which we are told

"He was indeed the glass,  
Wherein the noble youth did dress themselves."

And further on

"He was the mark and glass, copy and book,  
That fashion'd others."

So, too, the fair Lucrece argues with the ruthless Tarquin that he should remember that he ought to be a model;

"For princes are the glass, the school, the book,  
Where subjects' eyes do learn, do read, do look."

In that which is the best-known, the greatest favorite, if not the grandest of Shakespeare's plays,

the marvellous *Hamlet*, this beautiful notion is also to be found. Poor Ophelia is just left by the melancholy Prince of Denmark after one of those mad scenes that occur in the play: she is sad to see such a "noble mind o'erthrown," he that was

"The glass of fashion and the mould of form,  
The observed of all observers!"

Sometimes these repetitions have great effect, and it may be doubted whether this is not intentional when it is to be found in the same play. In *Henry VIII.*, as the King passes through, frowning on Woolsey, the Cardinal when alone, in his indignation, gives vent to his thoughts and feelings in a rapid manner, and, amongst other things, thinks of Henry's scowl such "as if ruin leap'd from his eyes." These thoughts, we may be nearly certain, were not the ordinary merely fleeting ideas; and afterwards, when in a more matured soliloquy he gives utterance to them, it is most natural, and aids the spectator in tracing the source of his perturbation and his various allusions. The meaning of the second passage, also, would be a matter of some little difficulty but for this elucidation. This displeasure appearing in the fierce eyes of the irate monarch, producing the downfall of him on whom it falls, is spoken of again, along with the contrary expression of countenance, as "that sweet aspect of princes and their ruin," after the latter of which the great man "falls like Lucifer, never to hope again, or as we have it before "like a bright exhalation in the evening."

The expression "and thereby hangs a tale" is to be met with in two of Shakespeare's comedies. It may have been usual at the time, but it is one of meaning and lends an additional charm to the observation of pathetic Jacques on the progress of life.

"And so from hour to hour we ripe and ripe,  
And then from hour to hour we rot and rot;  
And thereby hangs a tale."

To turn from the pathos of Jacques to the comicality of Grumio in the *Taming of a Shrew*, we find him on his return telling Petruchio's servants the news of his master and mistress, and, amongst other things, how they fell out. One of the servants eagerly inquires how.

Grumio. "Out of their saddles into the dirt; and thereby hangs a tale."

Many more instances of these similitudes might be adduced, but for the present we have done. We have only to add, so that our purpose may not be misunderstood, that while drawing attention to these parallel passages, our object has not been to detract from the merit of the greatest Bard that ever breathed, the "thousand-souled Shakespeare." Even if we were to attempt to do so, the attempt would share as much success as the effort of Momus to steal from the admiration of Venus by criticising the creaking of her shoes. Allusions to such trifling defects defeat their own purpose, by showing how perfect the work must be in which no greater faults are discoverable. But, on the contrary, our endeavour has been, as so much interest has been awakened by the coming tercentenary celebration, to illustrate the mind of the man, the actor, and the moralist Shakespeare, by pointing to some of his richest passages, as well as to direct attention to his evidently uppermost ideas by reviewing certain Shaksperian similarities.

### THE NORTHERN HARP.

ALL Englishmen must surely have more than a little Scandinavian blood in their veins; for, if not, it is hard to conceive why the history and legends of the North should have for them so great an interest as they undoubtedly possess. Strange to say, however, although the names of Odin and Thor, of Ragnar and Eric, of Sigurd and Olaf, are familiar enough to the ears of most of us, and though we should be ashamed to confess that those names are but empty sounds, can it be maintained that we have any very definite ideas as to who and what they were? We feel rather that we ought to be well acquainted with all that tradition or history tells about them, than that we are; and while laying a sort of hereditary claim to some interest in Norse literature, we are too indolent to enforce our right by careful study; and have left the whole range of the subject untouched, when, in fact, a very slight and ordinary degree of research would put us in possession of much that is curious and pleasing in connection with it.

It may not, perhaps, be known to all our readers that nearly all that remains of that literature consists of works produced by natives of Iceland. That desolate Ultima Thule of the Muses was, for several centuries after its first colonization, the retreat of sages and poets from Norway and Denmark. To them we owe all that has been done in the way of collecting

and preserving the heroic songs which were the first efforts of the Northern bard. From them come the numerous Sagas and Eddas, of which, alas! we barely know the names, and of which, in good sooth, we should be grieved to have to peruse the contents.

The heroic songs, of which we speak, were collected and arranged by Icelanders; but they were, in fact, the extempore productions of Skalds, who were always in attendance on the ancient kings of Norway and the other Scandinavian monarchies. They were generally of noble blood, and the office, though a lucrative one, was also extremely honorable. While the Skald was expected to extol the exploits of his patron, it is remarkable that flattery was entirely discountenanced. He never failed to award a due meed of praise to any performance which was remarkable and kingly, and would, indeed, condescend to a little pardonable exaggeration; but invention was not his province, except when he was performing the task which appears to have been always exacted, of tracing the genealogy of his sovereign back to Odin, or some other divinity. This is illustrated by the story which is told of St. Olaf, who, before the great and, to him, fatal battle of Stiklestad, called his Skalds into the inner circle of his bravest chieftains, and strictly charged them to sing of nothing but what they saw; having brought them to the field of strife especially to that end, that they might not depend upon the words of others for their account of the combat. So enviable was the reputation of the Skald that we find the names of more than one prince in the list of about 230 which has been preserved in an old manuscript: and when King Canute came to England, his Skald always occupied the highest place at every banquet.

Unfortunately, the romance connected with the Drapa, or Skald's heroic song, all vanishes on reading the production itself. Even Monsieur Mallet, the great Northern antiquary, with all his love for his subject, cannot help admitting that the language of the Skaldic poems is so figurative as to be enigmatical; bombastic, turgid, and obscure. In fact, there is little or none of what we should, in the present day, consider poetry.

The reason why poetry always comes before prose in the history of a nation's literature has been so often explained, that we need not touch upon it here. It is hard to fix the date of the authorship of any of those poems—whether Drapas, Sagas, or Eddas, which are found in Icelandic manuscript; but we can be nearly sure that they were, at any rate, not committed to writing before the beginning of the eleventh century, when Christianity and civilization, of a certain kind, spread into Iceland.

The Eddas were much more elaborate productions, and bore in general the characteristics of epic poetry. We do possess in the Lowland Scotch ballad something which reminds us a little of the Drapa (not, certainly, as regards the matter, but as regards the treatment of the subject); whereas there is no description of English verse at all like the Eddaic poems. These, too, were collected in the early part of the eleventh century; and are, with one exception, voluminous and somewhat unintelligible mythological narratives. That one exception is called the "Havamal," and is a dissertation on the morality of the religion of Odin, which seems, indeed, to have been by no means a bad sort of morality. The Eddas do not, however, furnish any accounts which can be looked upon as historical; and a much inferior work, called the Prose Edda, which appeared in the thirteenth century, is a mere mixture of all sorts of pagan fables with all sorts of popish traditions; so that, on the whole, the Eddas, both poetical and prose, are more curious than instructive.

The Sagas, in fact, which are in general of later date than either of the other kinds of poems, are the only ones that pretend to truthfulness. Some even of the Sagas are mythic and heroic in their character; but in their most frequent and best form they are real chronicles, containing much valuable information. Unfortunately, however, they degenerated in time; and while the *Heimskringla*, as one collection of Sagas is called, gives a *bona fide* history of the kings of Norway from 841 to 1264, the Saga became in the middle ages nothing more than a translation of some mediæval romance.

The method of versification adopted in all these different sorts of poetry is the same. In the more ancient, alliteration and moderate attention to a rough metre is the only art employed. But the alliteration is not exactly what we understand by that term. Sometimes it consists of putting together, in the space of two lines, three or more words beginning with the same consonant; sometimes in using words which contain the same or similarly sounding syllables. This last is vocal alliteration, the charm of which is not obvious to an English sense. Rhyme is only to be found in some of the more recent Eddas. It has been suggested, by good authorities, that there is considerable resemblance



between the classic hexameter and the barbarous metre of which we proceed to give a specimen; and an attempt has been made to illustrate the theory, by writing Latin hexameters in the same form as that in which the Runic ballad, or Drapa, commonly appears. But even if the resemblance is not altogether fanciful, we think it would be hard to show that the hexameter, or anything similar to it, was likely to be attempted by a nation whose ideas of prosody were clearly most vague. Here, for instance, is an extract quite long enough to give our readers a notion, at any rate, what Norse poetry looks like:—

"Thær thæt thivlo  
Thævn hvinnar  
legion hvithv  
lettom stæmon.  
Bæth hann enn mærlar  
at thær mæla skilvælo."

This is a very fair example of the alliterative style, and the result of its employment cannot, we think, be very charming to an English ear. The above fragment is one strophe of a very old song, found in an Edda, supposed to have been composed in the eighth century. The Quern Song, as it is called, relates that Frothir, King of Denmark, who, of course, was great-grandson of Odin, had a wondrous Quern, or millstone, which possessed the very desirable quality of producing anything the owner chose. His slaves, Menia and Fenia, are represented in the song as working at the mill, and conversing somewhat tamely about its miraculous property. The story has a sequel, however, which is not related in the Quern Song; the Quern was seized by Mysingr, King of Norway, who took it to sea with him; and setting it to grind salt, omitted to stop its operations until his ship sank beneath the weight. This is the real reason, we are informed, why the sea is salt.

### THE MONTH.

And the Spring arose on the garden fair,  
Like the spirit of love felt everywhere!  
And each flower and herb on earth's dark breast  
Rose from the dreams of its wintry rest."—SHELLEY.

WHEN April comes, we begin to think that Spring is actually at hand. The very word—which some persons affirm is derived from *aperio* to open—suggests to our minds pleasant thoughts and fancies closely associated with our early days, when we too were "opening" into life. We think of sunny fields, and gladome birds, and pleasures which have never since been equalled; and while we feed upon this sweet recollection, all passing troubles are unnoticed and our hearts grow young again. It is remarkable with what delight we hail the arrival of the first few months of the year. Even January seems an immense improvement upon old hoary December, and we are glad to be introduced to it, because we fancy that it holds the key of the future. No sooner, however, does it draw to a close than we turn our backs upon it with the greatest pleasure, transferring our allegiance to its successor much in the same manner as time-serving courtiers hail the accession of a new monarch. "The King is dead! Long live the King!" February, with its Valentine's Day, deceives us into thinking that we really shall be enjoying a foretaste of Spring, though we have scarcely a good word to say for it the moment March arrives; and the latter month, in its turn, meets with a share of depreciation directly it has given place to April. So, at all events up to the present period, we "welcome the coming, speed the parting guest," and are ever ready to hope that the future may be brighter than the past. It is only April and her twin-sister May which make us cast "one longing, ling'ring look behind."

In April, for the first time since the commencement of the year, we experience something like regret, and this feeling is symbolised by the showery character of the month itself. We think of April as embodying the idea of a soft and gentle maiden, ready enough to smile and gladden, yet easily moved to tears. Does she weep from the reflection that "all that's bright must fade," and because she is conscious that Nature's beauty, like man's existence, must have an end? There is, however, nothing melancholy in the character of April: sunshine follows rain with such reassuring rapidity that sorrow makes no deep impression on her mind. See yon lambskins sporting in the flower-clad fields, how intense their joy, and how sweetly do they represent the first young days of Spring! Birds are singing as if the world were made for their sole pleasure—flowers unfold and open in seeming worship of the sun, bringing to our minds thoughts of that "joyful resurrection" of which they are most perfect emblems. Gladness abounds in air, on earth, in stream, and promises to abide with us for ever. Yet in a moment clouds gather, the sun is obscured, the face of nature is changed, and falling rain disperses our sanguine hopes. This is April, and this is also life.

Shakespeare has immortalised the spring of the year, and April and May would seem to have been his favorite months. He was born in April, as all England—we may well say all the civilised world—are now about to testify. What a pity it is we know so little of the poet's early history. Common tradition fixes the 23rd as his birthday,

\* Literally—"They made to rumble, ceasing silence, with their arms, the Quern's light stones. He bade unto the millstone that they should grind."

at all events, in the parish register of Stratford appears the following entry:—"William, the son of John Shakespeare, baptized on the 26th of April, 1564." He was one of a large family, of whom five only outlived childhood. Respecting his early days and growing-up all is dispute and mystery. It was reported that he received his education at the Free Grammar School at Stratford, that he was afterwards apprenticed to a lawyer, and married at eighteen. It is further believed that he subsequently fell into bad company, and was guilty of deer-stealing in the park of Sir Thomas Lucy, but in his own words—

"Our indiscretions sometimes serve us well,  
When our deep plots do fall; and this should teach us  
There's a divinity that shapes our ends,  
Hough-hew them how we will."

It has frequently been wondered, where did he acquire that deep insight into men and things with which his plays so fully abound? Unhappily, there was no Boswell to reflect his character upon succeeding generations. His best biography are his works, and in them we can perceive many incidents of his life. It is not surprising that he fell into bad company, for doubtless he was full of life and energy, and head and chief in all the goings-on in his native place. We can fancy him at the ale-house, exchanging wit and nonsense with Snout the tinker, Snug the joiner, and Starveling the tailor, learning human nature in their coarse but genuine conversation. He was no doubt great in sports and all kinds of amusements; could play at doublet, and use the rapier well, tiercing and parrying with the best of his fellows. A man of Shakespeare's disposition was sure to love, "not wisely, but too well," and be imprudent. He married Ann Hathaway at eighteen. How he must have shocked the moral quidnuncs of that age! Although a boy husband, however, he passed through all the sweet vicissitudes of courtship, and this experience no doubt afforded him materials for that inimitable text-book of lovers, *Romeo and Juliet*.

That he was a careful observer and ardent lover of Nature is evident in every line of his poetry, and perhaps no part of England could have been a more appropriate residence for him than the beautiful neighbourhood of Stratford, with its pearly streams, its flowery meads and grassy lanes. The historical cities of Warwick and Coventry, the grand old castle of Kenilworth, the ancient ruins of Evesham, must have fed him with a constant supply of thoughts, and produced in his mind that happy union of historic grandeur and sweet ruralty which characterizes the whole of his works. It were possible to make Shakespeare the single theme of our present paper, yet we must not forget our duty entirely, and therefore proceed to jot down a few of the chief features of the month. One of these, undoubtedly, is the arrival of the nightingale, that loveliest of all song birds and the most highly-prized. Sweet Philomel is a saint in the poetical calendar, and writers have said so much in its praise that the whole vocabulary of compliment is exhausted. It is calculated that as many as 180 simple adjectives have been bestowed upon this favorite bird. Milton terms it "most musical, most melancholy." Then, as a proof of its various and comprehensive qualities, Coleridge contradicts this. "A melancholy bird!" he exclaims, "Oh, idle thought!"

"It is the merry nightingale,  
That crowds and hurries, and precipitates  
With fast thick warble, his delicious notes,  
As he were fearful that an April night  
Would be too short for him to utter forth  
His love-chant, and disburden his full soul  
Of all its music."

The prevailing opinion, however, is that the tones of the nightingale are more expressive of sadness than of joy. It was formerly believed that the plaintiveness of the little creature was caused by its setting its breast against a thorn.

Shakespeare notices this myth as follows:—

"Everything did banish morn,  
Save the nightingale alone:  
She poor bird, as all forlorn,  
Lean'd her breast up till a thorn,  
And there sung the dolefullest ditty,  
That to hear it was great pity."

Tennyson perceives a mixture of joy and grief in the strains of the lovely bird. In the "Gardener's Daughter" he writes—

"Yet might I tell of meetings, of farewells,  
Of that which came between, more sweet than each,  
In whispers, like the whispers of the leaves,  
That tremble round a nightingale—in sighs  
Which perfect joy, perplex'd for utterance,  
Stole from her sister sorrow."

But perhaps the most beautiful of all poetic thoughts relating to the nightingale are those embodied by Keats in his Ode, and of which the following stanza is a specimen:—

"Thou wast not born for death, immortal bird!  
No hungry generations tread thee down;  
The voice I hear this passing night was heard  
In ancient days by emperor and clown;  
Perhaps the self-same song that found a path  
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,  
She stood in tears amid the alien corn;  
The same that oft-times hath  
Charm'd magic casements, opening on the foam  
Of perilous seas, in lulls of forlorn."

The nightingale is extremely partial in its habits, and, from some inexplicable reason, never ventures beyond certain points in this country. For instance, it is totally unknown in the south of Devon and in Cornwall. On the other hand, it is seldom heard higher up than York, although it frequents much more northerly latitudes on the Continent.

Is it not likely that this apparent eccentricity is occasioned by some peculiarity in its diet? It is said to have a great fondness for cowslips, and some ornithologists assert that where these flowers are not abundant it is never found. Mr. Jacob, in his *Flora of Devon and Cornwall*, says, "Certainly with regard to these counties the coincidence is just;" at all events, climate has little influence on its habits.

The second bird in importance to the nightingale in the present month is assuredly the cuckoo; and until its monotonous cry is heard, Spring never seems to have really arrived. So, notwithstanding its somewhat unmusical sound, it always brings a cordial welcome; and is looked upon as the herald of flowers and sunshine, and glorious summer days. The following is a well-known rhyme respecting the characteristics of the cuckoo.

"In April  
The cuckoo shows his bill;  
In May  
He is singing all day;  
In June  
He changes his tune;  
In July  
He proposes to fly;  
In August  
Fly he must."

From its strange habits and peculiarity of tone, the cuckoo has always been associated with considerable superstition; in the middle ages, particularly so. In Shropshire up to a late period, when the first cuckoo was heard, the labourers immediately left their work for the rest of the day, and indulged themselves by imbibing cuckoo ale. In many parts of the kingdom it is considered to be very unlucky to have no money in your pocket when you hear the cuckoo cry the first time in the Spring. It was believed in former days, that if an unmarried lady ran into the fields early in the morning, and waited till she heard the first note of the cuckoo, and then looked into her left shoe, she would there find a man's hair of the same colour as that of her future husband. It is a popular notion in Norfolk, that whatever you are doing the first time you hear the cuckoo, that you will do most frequently all the year. Another is, that an unmarried person will remain single as many years as the cuckoo, when first heard, utters its call.

As the Spring advances, our bouquet begins to assume larger and more attractive proportions. In addition to the flowers we have mentioned in former papers, there is now the cowslip—

"Pale cowslip fit for maiden's early bier."

In the southern counties of England, a rather pleasant wine is made from the cowslip flower, which in times gone by, before foreign wines had become general, was a favorite beverage. There are, too, those fairy-like flowers, the blue wild hyacinths, which grow in such rich profusion in high banks and hedges, looking—if nature might be compared to anything so artificial—like the audience at an opera-house, so orderly do they seem to arrange themselves one above the other.

It is a treat to enter a wood at this season of the year, where all is so religiously still,

"Where sweet air stirs  
Blue harebells lightly, and where prickly furs  
Buds lavish gold."

All the wood-anemones are not yet gone, though it was observed by a naturalist, who kept an accurate account of the dates on which various flowers come into bloom, that the anemone never blossoms earlier than the 16th of March, or later than the 22nd of April. Then there is the sweet and simple cuckoo-flower, the ladysmock, the heartsease, and the black thorn. The latter, however, is but a counterfeit compared to the lovely hawthorn which will delight us in the coming month.

Perhaps the appearance of the trees—especially towards the end of April—is almost as beautiful as that of flowers, and the variety of colour is greater now than it will be until Autumn puts on her rich brown tints. The gradual unfolding of leaves is a source of infinite interest and beauty. Day by day some fresh tint is added to the picture, and the eye is charmed by the graceful green of the ash, the olive-colour of the young oak-leaves, and the various firs and larches with their incipient cones coloured so brightly red.

The panorama of wood, and stream, and fields, and flowers, is indeed lovely to look upon, and happy is he who can appreciate the beauty thus lavishly provided, and is able to look

"From Nature up to Nature's God."

One of the chief delights of returning Spring, and the only remaining one which our space will permit us to notice, is angling. Rods are now removed from their long resting places, and baskets got ready for a sport which only true lovers of nature can really enjoy. To a stranger there is something extremely monotonous in fishing; but he who is actually engaged in the amusement, will smile at your inability to appreciate his pleasure, and tell you there is no recreation in the world so thoroughly enjoyable. Of course the delight does not consist in the mere act of depriving a harmless little creature of its life. In the words of dear old Isaac Walton, "No life is so happy and so pleasant, as the life of a well-governed angler; for when a lawyer is swallowed up in business, and a statesman is preventing or contriving plots, then we sit on cowslip banks, hear the birds sing, and possess ourselves in as much quietness as those silent silver streams which we now see glide so smoothly by us."

\* Notes and Queries.



## Musical Notes and Notices.

## SHAKESPEARE SET TO MUSIC.

THERE is not a phase of art of any description that has not, at some time or other, been indebted to the genius of our great national dramatist. Painters and sculptors have all tried to materialize the ideas of Shakespeare. No year passes over the Royal Academy of Painting without seeing on the walls of the exhibition the latest Ophelia, or the last conception of King Lear. The quotations from poets in the catalogue still retain the Shaksperian element very strongly. In the same way, no composer has passed by Shakespeare, without endeavouring to wed his music to the poet's imagination, either in words set to music or in appropriate incidental music. There is one notable exception to this remark, and that is Handel. Why it is that the composer of broad, massive effects, should not have seized upon Shakespeare's creations, some of which, it would have been thought, might have called forth a sympathetic response in the brain of the *maestro*, has never been satisfactorily explained. It is worthy of remark, that foreign composers have laid hold of Shaksperian subjects as eagerly as Englishmen, and have been equally, if not more profuse, in their productions of Shaksperian music. The greatest success by far that has been attained in these many unions was that, when the astounding genius of Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, at the age of fourteen, reproduced in an overture every poetic feeling of the *Midsummer Night's Dream*. This unequalled instrumental work was the result of the combination of two imaginative minds worthy of each other. We shall recur to this again. It would be impossible in this hasty sketch to mention a quarter of the English composers who have set to music the words of Shakespeare with some degree of success. The oldest composer who ventured upon Shaksperian subjects to any extent is Purcell, which fact shows the depreciation of the poet's genius in his own times, as Purcell lived exactly a century after Shakespeare. It was not likely, however, that one who had the powers to become the father of English music should miss the opportunity. We accordingly find him in the first rank of Shaksperian composers. He wrote music to the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, which was produced as an opera, in 1692, by the title of *The Fairy Queen*. He also made an opera of *Timon of Athens*, and wrote music to the *Tempest* as altered by Dryden and Sir William d'Avenant. This would be an appropriate time to revive the last-mentioned, for, indeed, Purcell's music is not sufficiently known and appreciated. If it were more known, it would be more appreciated. His sacred music is frequently sung in our cathedrals, according to old usage. His secular music is scarcely ever heard. After him, we come to Matthew Locke, the reputed composer of the *Tempest* and *Macbeth*. This latter is well known as one of those compositions which, though not strikingly grand, and scarcely worthy of the subject, is sufficiently good to require a very superior setting to push it off its time-honoured elevation. J. F. Lampe, who died in 1715, set songs in the *Midsummer Night's Dream* to music, and also "But shall I go" in the *Winter's Tale*. The next name of repute is one worthily honoured by all English musicians, one of the most successful of Shaksperian composers, Dr. Arne, the composer of *Rule Britannia*. He composed music for the songs in *As you like it*, *Twelfth Night*, *Merchant of Venice*, *Tempest*, and *Love's Labour Lost*. His beautiful setting of "Where the Bee sucks" is the only one of his many Shaksperian songs that remains popular. There is, by the way, mentioned in Pepys's Diary, a performance of the *Tempest* with incidental music (by Banister). The quaint writer, speaking of the play, says, "The most innocent play that ever I saw; and a curious piece of music in an echo of half sentences, the echo repeating the former half, while the man goes on to the latter; which is mighty pretty."

Although Handel passed over Shakespeare entirely, his great friend J. O. Smith tried his hand at the *Tempest*, which he produced as an opera, with but small success. At the end of the last century R. T. S. Stevens, the Gresham professor of music, contributed to the Shaksperian music several glees which will continue to be popular as long as English glees, the most English and the most delightful school of music, are sung. "Sigh no more, ladies," "Ye spotted snakes," "It was a lover and his lane," and "O mistress mine," are the best-known of Stevens's charming glees.

In the present century, we have had Shield, a very voluminous writer, whose song "The Wolf" is occasionally seen in programmes, who set to music several songs from Shakespeare: the most popular is "O happy fair" from *Midsummer Night's Dream*. Sir John Stevenson and Sir

Henry Bishop will connect him with living composers. The former only composed music to detached songs; the latter completed all the necessary music for *As you like it*, *Comedy of Errors*, *Twelfth Night*, *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, and *Midsummer Night's Dream*. It would be impossible to mention all the living composers who have made Shakespeare's works their themes. Mr. J. L. Hatton composed an overture and incidental music for *Henry VIII.*; part songs have been written by G. A. Macfarren, H. Smart, S. Reay, and others; but the most complete and the most successful work is *The Tempest* by Mr. Sullivan. This young and talented musician has caught the spirit of the play, and reproduced it in melody. We understand there will be an opportunity of hearing it at the forthcoming festival. We shall give a sketch of Shakespeare set to music by foreigners in our next; with an analysis of Nicolai's *Merry Wives of Windsor*, announced for performance by both opera-houses.

## REVIEWS.

It is not surprising that Shakespeare's name is appearing in the windows of music-publishers and music-shops as the time for the commemoration draws near. Mr. C. W. Glover has arranged some well-known Shaksperian melodies for the pianoforte, in four numbers, (Metzler & Co.) Each number has an appropriate illustration on the cover in a handsome plain gilt border. The plays thus doubly illustrated are *The Tempest*, *As you like it*, *Hamlet*, and *Macbeth*. Dr. Arne's simple music in the first is very pleasing, and, in common with the rest, is arranged simply and yet effectively. The music to *Macbeth*, attributed to Matthew Locke, is the most familiar of all, perhaps deservedly so. Mr. Glover's editions have appeared as an appropriate contribution to the influence which the mighty genius of Shakespeare has exercised from his own day to this. The public will accept and appreciate any endeavour to add to the interest of Shakespeare which is now being roused, in any branch of art. The music set to Shakespeare's words has become historical, and will carry with it a peculiar interest derived from the association with the several dramas, just as *Macbeth* is never put upon the stage without Locke's music. *The Avon Quadrilles*, by Ferdinand Wallerstein, (Metzler & Co.) are a medley of Shaksperian airs, cut about and shaped into a set of quadrilles. The arranger has had the boldness to make his second figure from scraps of the Wedding March. The taste of the arrangement is evident from this.

We have received two of Metzler & Co.'s collections of drawing-room operettas. This is a charming kind of music, and will no doubt soon become popular in private society. No scenery is required, no properties but such as are easily attainable, and above all no chorus; so that, with the aid of a pianoforte, a skilful accompanist, and two or three willing and painstaking performers, an entertainment may be provided in a drawing-room more refined, more pleasing, and more acceptable than anything which we know. The two specimens before us are for two voices—*Cousin Kate* by J. P. Wooley, the music by W. M. Lutz; and *The Haunted Mill* by J. P. Wooley, the music by J. E. Mallandaine. *Cousin Kate* consists of an overture, sparkling and suitable to the purpose, and nine numbers. It is not saying too much to say that the music throughout is very good. Herr Lutz has thoroughly caught the comic spirit, and sustains the musical interest throughout. His melody never flags, his accompaniment is never heavy. There is a great deal of originality in the songs. The duet "I'm no coquette" is very clever, and worthy of a greater work. The parts are not too difficult for amateurs; the part of 'Cousin Kate' should be taken by a lively sparkling aspirant, and the tenor will find his rôle grateful and showy and all that an amateur tenor could wish. *The Haunted Mill* is in the same style, though not quite so good; the melodies are more commonplace, but it has the advantage of being shorter. There are seven numbers only, of which one is instrumental, "The Ghost Music," one page in length. The characters are for soprano and tenor.

Amongst the musical novelties preparing for the approaching season, we hear of one by Miss Virginia Gabriel, the talented composer of *Dreamland*. This new work, which is in the cantata form, is entitled *Graciosa*, a Musical Story. The libretto, by Mr. J. J. Lonsdale has been suggested by Lamartine's novelllette of that name. It will be produced early in May, at St. James' Hall, with full band and chorus.

*Lament of the Exile's Beverie*, and *The Exile's Return* Impromptu, by Louis Emanuel, are very much above the average. In each the main idea is well conceived and well executed. We do not know which to admire the

most, the graceful flowing melody, or the easy unconstrained construction of the pieces. We see by the title-pages that Mr. Emanuel is the late conductor of the Philharmonic and Choral Societies, Calcutta. We presume, therefore, he is now in England. If so, we shall look for some further productions from the same pen with interest and pleasure. Mr. Emanuel will at once take up a position among us as a pianoforte composer of a high class.

The difficulty of providing public performance, the pecuniary risk of publication, added to the peculiar difficulties of composition, hinder our composers from publishing chamber classical music. We very seldom see a quartet or quintet for strings advertised amongst the novelties of the day. And yet we have musicians, who can compose and have composed music of this interesting class, living amongst us. We have before us a stringed quartet in F minor, by J. L. Ellerton (Mayence et Londres, Schott). The composer of this quartet has evidently studied the best models, and profited by his studies. It consists of four movements, the last being in the major key. The writing is very careful and masterly, especially in the minuet and trio, which show that the composer is well acquainted with Haydn, the inventor of the quartet form of composition.

Mr. James Robinson's *Service in F* (Novello) is entirely spoilt by the gross blunders in rhythm and harmony. We strongly recommend Mr. Robinson to write less, and study more. He has the gift of melody, and, if trained, he might use it to some purpose.

*Church Psalmody* (J. Haddon) is another collection of hymn tunes to be added to the already overgrown list. The music has been revised by William Haynes, who, in common with all editors of similar works, finds a place for some original home-made compositions. The collection consists of a judicious mixture of English and German, ancient and modern tunes, and is printed in a form well suited to the requirements of congregational worship. We never before saw the National Anthem in a book of this kind. The book would have been improved by the omission of the meagre appendix of the *Kyrie Eleison* and *Sanctus*, set by different composers.

*Anthems for Congregational Worship*, arranged for four voices, (J. Haddon,) is only remarkable for its cheapness. It consists of one or two short anthems by good composers, and a mass of rubbish, of which Jackson's Jubilate in F may be taken as a type. Farrant's little gem "Lord for thy tender mercies' sake" is murdered by being set to other words, to say nothing of the mangling of the rhythm and the changes of counterpoint. Such barbarisms are inexcusable.

## THE OPERA IN LONDON.

DURING the past month two events have occurred in London that cannot be passed over without remark, a death and a birth; in other words, the termination of the Pyne and Harrison enterprise and the break-up of the Royal English opera, and secondly the announcement of the prospectuses of the rival Italian operas for the present season. We must confess that it is with much regret we see the former event. There were doubtless great faults in the management, which have not made English operas any more popular than they were seven years ago; but still, these faults were of a nature which might have been avoided without injury to any one, and with great advantage to English opera. During the time that Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. Harrison have taken upon themselves the difficult task of managers, they have produced many new operas and reproduced many old ones. We cannot possibly give a list of the operas they have produced, but merely remark that among the number the successes have been few. Of all the numerous compositions of Balfe and Wallace, how few will ever see the light again! Will any future English Opera Company ever reproduce *Satanella* for instance? and this occurs to us as one of the best of Mr. Balfe's productions: it was, unfortunately, a type of too many others, meeting with a success for the time, and then—shelved. We cannot believe that the English public are so insensate to English opera as not to reward, handsomely, any successful attempt at producing a really National Lyric Drama. If the Pyne and Harrison company have not been so successful as they might have wished, they cannot blame the public; we do not hesitate to say they cannot blame the critics, who have always given them a fair hearing, and have often indeed led the applause, when the public were apathetic. The truth is, the Pyne and Harrison management has committed some errors which are invariably committed when the principal performers and the management are identical. There have been very few in-



stances of success in this playing two parts. It requires an activity and business-like temperament which artists seldom acquire, and never have time to develop, to make a manager. It is quite one man's work to be a manager, without any other source of toil or care upon him. Charles Kean has repeatedly testified to this in public. He felt the truth so deeply, that he gave up the management of the Princess's when he was in the zenith of his popularity. Through this mistake, the management of the Royal English Opera forgot that there was more than one Soprano, and more than one Primo Tenore, available. Moreover, from the same cause perhaps, the company was located in a house which requires the finest voices in the world to produce an effect, and which requires a larger band and chorus than they could command. At such a house as the Lyceum, once the prosperous home of English opera, there would have been larger audiences and a smaller chorus, and a picked band might have aided in producing a series of English operas which would have been a pride to Englishmen. If the company has been too exclusive, the composers have been made much too exclusive. Balfe and Wallace, Wallace and Balfe, have been the principal changes rung. Every now and then a new opera by Mr. Balfe was announced, until people began to think Mr. Balfe had got a machine for turning out operas ready made, like a sausage-machine.

Mr. Benedict's name has occurred with honour to himself. The *Lily of Killarney* will not be shelved; indeed, it is now being played abroad. The last days of the company have been brightened by an opera from the pen of our countryman, Mr. G. A. Macfarren. This too is a work which will not cease to be heard, at present. The libretto of *She Stoops to Conquer* will be found described on another page. The music is worthy of Mr. Macfarren. There is, however, not the same flow of sparkling melody as in *Jessy Lea*, which we consider Mr. Macfarren's best dramatic effort, although constructed on a small scale. If we might find fault with *She Stoops to Conquer*, we should say, that there is the same hardness and unnaturalness in the melody, every now and then, which characterized Mr. Macfarren's earlier works. However, there is such good solid writing in the opera that we commend it to our readers, now that its performance has ceased for a time, on account of its songs and concerted pieces. Soprano singers will find much in Miss Louisa Pyne's part that they can reproduce in the drawing-room with effect. The cavatina "What is this, love," the ballad "He'll miss me," and the very clever part song "Am I not a pretty barmaid," may be mentioned as worthy of great praise. In the first act, when Hastings and Marlow are upset in their carriage, Mr. Macfarren seizes the opportunity for a trio with "Tony Lumpkin" of very great merit. Mr. Weiss has soon after a beautiful pathetic song "The good old days of the country squire," which he sang with exquisite taste. *En passant*, we must notice that this gentleman, by his pure artistic singing, has added very much to the success of many of the operas produced by the company. He has fairly earned a high reputation as an operatic singer. Both the tenor parts are good, the first has a good song at the opening of the third act, and the second a very pretty cavatina shortly after. An unaccompanied four-part song, in Mr. Macfarren's best style of writing, is introduced into the second act; "The cuckoo sings on the poplar-tree" is destined to be frequently heard at the various choral society meetings, now so common in all parts of the country. The managers' benefits took place on the 12th and 14th ult., and the last performance on the 19th. We have spoken candidly in our remarks on the management, because it is our duty to do so on all occasions; but we cannot allow the curtain to fall upon the managers and principal actors without congratulating them on their successes, and hoping to see them again before the opera-going public, under another management, when we shall be most ready to welcome them, and wish them success.

From the past we turn to the future. The prospectuses from Covent Garden and Her Majesty's Theatres have been issued. They promise less than usual, we therefore hope they will perform more. Past experience has taught us to take these prospectuses only partly as an insight into the future. The *entrepreneurs* are evidently afraid of promising too much, and so the prospectuses are not so overwhelming as they have been lately. At Covent Garden a fine selection of artists are engaged, amongst them Adelina Patti, Pauline Lucas, Didié, Wachtel, Mario, Tamberlik, Ranconi, Feare, Tagliacoe, and others. At Her Majesty's Theatre these will be rivalled by Titiens, Trebelli, Giuglini, Bettini, Cassier, Santley, Bossi, and others. Both houses, of course, announce many first appearances. Mr. Gye has secured Mademoiselle Emilie Lagrue, who comes with great promises;

she will appear as 'Norma' in the first instance. Signor Wachtel may also be called a first appearance, as his former stay in London was too short to admit of many people hearing him. Mr. Mapleson announces the first appearances of Giuseppina Vitali, Harriers Wippen, Signor Fancelli, and others. The list of operas to be produced is nearly the same at both houses. Verdi's *La Forza del Destino* and Nicolai's *Merry Wives of Windsor* are novelties in both programmes. At Covent Garden we may also remark a strong list of Meyerbeer's works, amongst the operas promised *Dinorah*, *Le Prophète*, *Les Huguenots*, *Roberto il Diavolo*, *L'Etoile du Nord*. At Her Majesty's we are promised the experiment of Wagner's *Tannhäuser*, also *Der Freischütz* and Donizetti's *Anna Bolena*, which has not been played for twenty years, and which we should have thought hardly worth reviving. There is no mention of Gounod's new opera *Mireille*. *Faust* appears inconspicuously in both lists. We predict, however, it will be the best-paying opera of the season. We may as well mention that Mr. German Reed intends to let us have another season of his charming opera *di camera*. We believe *Jessy Lea* will be repeated with the same cast as before, with the exception of Miss Edith Wynne.

## Literary Notes and Notices.

REPRINTS of Shakspeare's works are the literary features of the month. With elaborate notes, appendices, and illustrations, we recognise many old friends and faces in new dresses. Old stereotype plates, furnished up for the occasion, have done good service to the publishers; but, alike interesting and welcome to the general public is the announcement of a re-issue, by the Messrs. Routledge, of *Knight's Pictorial Shakspeare*, which is in every way worthy the distinguished place accorded to it in every well-selected library; indeed, for abundance of extraneous matter in the shape of well-written notes and a carefully-edited text, the re-issue of these eight volumes in monthly parts will be recognised as a great boon by those who desire to possess what we scarcely scruple to acknowledge to be the best edition of Shakspeare's works extant. Of lively interest, at a time when public attention is being monopolized by the drama and dramatic celebrations, is the work in two volumes by Dr. Doran, entitled *Their Majesties' Servants: Annals of the English Stage*, from Thomas Betterton to Edmund Kean: Actors—Authors—Audiences. These attractive volumes are well calculated to satisfy the curiosity of those who take delight in a peep behind the scenes, or in gossip concerning plays, players, and playgoers. It will readily be imagined from so suggestive a title, and the wide range of subject it embraces, that, from so painstaking a writer as Dr. Doran, we find a valuable contribution to that history of our stage which has hitherto been but imperfectly chronicled. From a mass of material he has judiciously selected the memoirs and associations to which he has given prominence. In a well-written prologue, Dr. Doran touches upon the origin of the drama, Greek and Roman actors, early pantomimists, early English theatres, and to show us the reputation in which early drama was held, as well as the exponents thereof, he tells us—

"The mixture of the sacred and profane in the early dialogues and drama prevailed for a lengthened period. The profane sometimes superabounded, and the higher church authorities had to look to it. The monotony of monastic life had caused the wandering glee-men to be too warmly welcomed within the monastery circles, where there were men who cheerfully employed their energies in furnishing new songs and lively 'patter' to the strollers. It was, doubtless, all well meant; but more serious men thought it wise to prohibit the indulgence of this peculiar literary pursuit. Accordingly, the Council of Clovershoe, and decrees bearing the king's mark, severally ordained that actors, and other vagabonds therein named, should no longer have access to monasteries, and that no priest should either play the glee-man himself, or encourage the members of that disreputable profession, by turning ale poets, and writing songs for them."

"It is a singular fact, that one of our earliest theatres, had Geoffrey, a monk, for its manager, and Dunstable—immortalised by Silvester Daggerwood—for a locality. This early manager, who flourished about 1119, rented a house in the town just named, when a drama was represented, which had St. Katherine for a heroine, and her whole life for a subject. This proto-theatre was, of course, burnt down; and the managing monk withdrew from the profession, more happy than most ruined managers, in this, that he had his cell at St. Alban's to which he could retire, and therein find a home for the remainder of his days."

It was not, however, until the time of Richard III., that the stage was rescued from the indignity to which it had been

so long subjected by ignorance and superstition, and it is somewhat remarkable, considering the dramatic associations connected with the name, that the drama in England first found royal favour in the eyes of Richard, when Duke of Gloucester, whose patronage led to a love of acting by gentleman amateurs.

"Richard had ennobled the profession, the gentlemen of the Inns of Court took it up, and they soon had kings and queens leading the applause of approving audiences. To the same example may be traced the custom of having dramatic performances in public schools, the pupils being the performers. These boys, or, in their place, the children of the Chapel Royal, were frequently summoned to play in the presence of the King and Court. Boats full of them went down the river to Greenwich, or up to Hampton Court, to enliven the dullness, or stimulate the religious enthusiasm, of their royal auditors there. At the former place, and when there was not yet any suspicion of the orthodoxy of Henry VIII., the boys of St. Paul's acted a Latin play before the sovereign and the representatives of other sovereigns. The object of the play was to exalt the Pope, and consequently Luther and his wife were the foolish villains of the piece, exposed to the contempt and derision of the delighted and right-thinking hearers."

"In most cases the playwrights, even when members of the clergy, were actors as well as authors. This is the more singular, as the players were generally of a roystering character, and were but ill regarded by the Church. Nevertheless, by their united efforts, though they were not always colleagues, they helped the rude production of the first regularly-constructed English comedy, 'Ralph Roister Doister,' in 1540. The author was a 'clerk,' named Nicholas Udall, whom Eton Boys, whose master he was, hated because of his harshness. The rough and reverend gentlemen brought forth the above piece, just one year previous to his losing the Mastership, on suspicion of being concerned in a robbery of the college plate."

From this quotation it will be obvious how much valuable information the author brings to bear upon his subject. His description of the early difficulties of English dramatists, and his pointed allusions to their influence upon Church and State, are alike unprejudiced and judiciously expressed, and the anecdotes, with which almost every page is embellished, will afford an inexhaustible stock of table-talk—a perfect God-send to those who delight in talk about the stage, but lack the gift of originality or the industry to search for themselves for anything new with which to interest a patient listener. Of the state of the drama at Shakspeare's birth, Dr. Doran says—

"The great poet came into the world when the English portion of it was deafened with the thunder of Archbishop Grindal, who flung his bolts against the profession which the child in his cradle at Stratford was about to ennobel for ever. England had been devastated by the plague of 1563. Grindal illogically traced the rise of the pestilence to the theatres; and to check the evil, he counselled Cecil to suppress the vocation of the idle, youth-infecting players, as the prelate called them, for one whole year, and—'if it were for ever,' adds the primate, 'it were not amiss.'"

"Elizabeth's face shone upon the actors, and rehearsals went actively on before the Master of the Revels. The numbers of the players, however, so increased and spread over the kingdom, that the government, when Shakspeare was eight years of age, enacted that startling statute which is supposed to have branded dramatic art and artists with infamy. But the celebrated statute of 1572 does not declare players to be 'rogues and vagabonds.' It simply threatens to treat as such, all acting companies who presumed to set up their stage without the licence of 'two justices of the peace at least.' This was rather to protect the art than to insult the artist; and a few years subsequent to the publication of this statute, Elizabeth granted the first royal patent conceded in England to actors—that of 1576. By this authority, Lord Leicester's servants were empowered to produce such plays as seemed good to them, 'as well,' says the Queen, 'for the recreation of our loving subjects as for our solace and pleasure, when we shall think good to see them.' Sovereign could scarcely pay a more graceful compliment to poet or to actor."

"This royal patent sanctioned the acting of plays within the liberties of the city; but against this the city magistrates commenced an active agitation. Their brethren of Middlesex followed a like course throughout the county. The players were treated as the devil's missionaries; and such unavoury terms were flung at them and at playwrights, by the city aldermen and the county justices, that thereon was founded that animosity which led dramatic authors to represent citizens and justices as the most egregious of fools, the most arrant of knaves, and the most deluded of husbands."

After the reign of Elizabeth, the details of the struggle between the pulpit and the stage are highly significant, and from the account given of the Oxford plays we may gather some curious reflections upon the social history of the period. Oldys says of Shakspeare's brother Charles, who was living in the year 1661—

"This opportunity [the representation of 'The Scornful Lady' at a new theatre opened in Lincoln's Inn Fields] made the actors greedily inquisitive into every little circumstance, more especially in Shakspeare's dramatic character, which his brother could relate of him. But he, it seems, was so stricken in years, and possi-

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bly his memory so weakened by infirmities (which might make him the easier pass for a man of weak intellects), that he could give them but little light into their inquiries; and all that could be recollected from him of his brother Will in that station, was the faint, general, and almost lost ideas he had of having once seen him act a part in one of his own comedies, wherein, being to personate a decrepit old man, he wore a long beard, and appeared so weak and drooping, and unable to walk, that he was forced to be supported and carried by another person to a table, at which he was seated among some company who were eating, and one of them sung a song. This description applies to old Adam, in 'As You Like It'; and he who feebly shadowed it forth, formed a link which connected the old theatre with the new."

A drama in modern times without an actress would be regarded in much the same light as a garden without flowers, and it cannot fail to excite amusement to see how the first actresses who added the attractions of feminine genius, grace, and beauty to the allurements of the stage, were received in this country.

"This new fashion of actresses was a French fashion, and the mode being imported from France, a French company, with women among them, came over to London. Hoping for the sanction of their countrywoman, Queen Henrietta Maria, they established themselves in Blackfriars. This essay excited all the fury of Prynne, who called these actresses by very unsavoury names; but who, in styling them 'unwomanish and graceless,' did not mean to imply that they were awkward and unfeminine, but that acting was unworthy of their sex, and unbecoming women born in an era of grace.

"Glad am I to say," remarks as stout a Puritan as Prynne, namely, Thomas Brand, in a comment addressed to Laud, 'Glad am I to say they were hissed, hooted, and pippin-pelted from the stage, so that I do not think they will soon be ready to try the same again.' Although Brand asserts, 'that all virtuous and well-disposed persons in this town' were 'justly offended' at these women 'or monsters rather,' as Prynne calls them, 'expelled from their own country,' adds Brand, yet more sober-thinking people did not fail to see the propriety of Juliet being represented by a girl rather than by a boy. Accordingly, we hear of English actresses even before the Restoration, mingled, however, with boys who shared with them that 'line of business.' 'The boy's a pretty actor,' says Lady Strangelove, in the 'Court Beggar,' played at the Cockpit, in 1632, 'and his mother can play her part. The women now are in great request.' Prynne groaned at the 'request' becoming general. 'They have now,' he writes, in 1633, 'their female players in Italy and other foreign parts.'

We regret we cannot afford space for further extract; but it would be an injustice to the author to dismiss such a work without at least summarizing the contents of a volume, in order to show our readers its comprehensive scope and character. The first volume contains elaborate memoirs of early English actresses, among whom we find the names of Margaret Hughes, Mrs. Knipp, and the Marshalls; of Nell Gwyn, whose talent, extravagance, and profligacy induce the author to moralize upon the "happiness of women who have no histories"; of Mrs. Holden and Miss Sanderson. Of the gentlemen of the King's Company, the names and memoirs are interesting, but of these Cartwright only has left a lasting memorial. Dr. Doran says, "If you would see how the kind old fellow looked, go down to Dulwich college, that grand institution for which actors have done so much and which has done so little for actors, and gaze on his portrait there." The chapter devoted to Thomas Betterton is intensely interesting, and it is worth notice, that the account of this actor dates from a December night in 1661, when, before a crowded house in Lincoln's Inn Fields, he was performing 'Hamlet,' the drama which, through all the vicissitudes of the stage, has retained its place, and was among the triumphs with which the names of Kean and Macready are associated. The intimacy existing between players and literary men naturally gives occasion for much pleasant description, and in the first volume we have some interesting characteristics of Dryden, Tillotson, Pope, Lee, Otway, Cowley, and others. The portraits of Mrs. Barry, as portrayed by Cibber, of Mrs. Mountfoot and Mrs. Bracegirdle, are carefully drawn, and the chapters on the dramatic poets and authoresses, professional authors, and audiences of the seventeenth century, are most pleasant reading. The first volume closes with a sketch of Garrick and Quin, full of point and humour. The second volume embraces the history of the stage from this period to the days of Kean; and as we believe we have said sufficient to induce our readers to procure the work for their own perusal, we shall not attempt even a description of its varied contents, but leave for future consideration a volume pregnant with facts stranger than fiction, which assist us in forming no inadequate idea of the pleasures, and perils, and penalties attending those who make the stage a profession, and depend not only for fame but existence upon that fickle

breath of popular applause which has proved the *ignis fatuus* of many of those lives which, with all their romance, are far more pleasant to read than to be tested by personal experience.

Another work before us of dramatic interest is a small duodecimo volume, in the orthodox French paper wrapper, entitled *Les Reines de la Rampe*, or "The Queens of the Footlights" (Paris: Librairie de Cournot), which aims at effecting the same service for French drama as that accomplished for opera in Miss Emma Creathorne Clayton's *Queens of Song*, noticed by us in a former number. The French work has the appearance of having been fabricated in a workshop, rather than written in a study; in fact, it seems to have issued from the literary factory of Alexandre Dumas père et Cie, or some similar establishment. Yet, in spite of the disjunctive character of its narrative and the variability of its style, there is much in it to interest the lover of dramatic art. Biographical sketches—containing abundant epigrammatic reflections, quotations, and statistical tables of performances, receipts, &c.—are given of ten actresses:—La Champmeslé, Adrienne Lecouvreur, Clairon, Dumesnil, Duchesnois, Georges Weimer, Mars, Dorval, Rachel, and Déjazet. Even the most meagre account of their careers could not be divested of romantic interest. The sketch of Madame Dorval, the actress whose every-day sensibilities were in unison with her touching delineations, presents a character the very converse of that of Rachel, who seems to have been incapable of personally experiencing the emotions she so well simulated, and followed her profession merely as a money-making business. We quote some passages from the memoir of the former which offer a striking contrast to the worldly self-restraint in common life and continually-increasing success in her vocation which characterized Rachel:—

"Marie Dorval is a figure apart in theatrical annals; her artistic existence mingles itself with her womanly existence; and with each is connected a fatal destiny, which forms the secret of her triumphs and the reason of the great friendships she inspired.

"Eminent as was her intellect, her heart was higher than her intellect. Immersed from her entry into the world in unheard-of sufferings, and lingering before deceptions as before illusions, she passed her life in ephemeral joys and continual regrets. 'All,' says George Sand, 'was passion with her—maternity, art, friendship, devotion, indignation, religious aspiration; and as she neither could nor would moderate anything or repress anything, her existence became frightful in its fulness, and excited beyond the powers of human endurance.'

"Married first to Dorval, and afterwards to the witty vaudevillist and critic Merle, she had had from her first union three daughters. Stricken to the heart by the ingratitude of one of them, she centred all her affection on the child of the last. Georges had espoused an actor who was a favorite at the Palais-Royal, René Luguet.

"The birth of little Georges awakened in her an immense and passionate affection, by which art profited, but which drew her herself to the grave.

"From his third year she took him with her in all her provincial excursions. She lived only by him and for him. Never quitting him but to go upon the stage, she flew to his side immediately the curtain fell, and covered the couch of the child with the garlands and bouquets bestowed upon her by the audience.

"Georges died at the age of four years and a half, on the 16th of May 1848. Dorval was driven to the verge of insanity by his sudden and unexpected death. For three days, during which the body was kept, she laughed and sang; and only when it became necessary to bury the child did she recover from a state of hysterical stupor. The first blow struck upon the coffin of the child caused her to utter a cry: it seemed as if the fatal nail had entered into her heart. She wept, and they thought her saved; but it was the commencement of her agony."

A letter which Madame Dorval wrote to a friend concerning this sad event proves her to have possessed feelings impressible and intense far beyond those of ordinary women. She is, moreover, related to have started from home day after day, early in the morning, and to have been absent until evening, to the mystification of her friends, who thought she passed the day at some church, until they discovered that she was spending the bitterest days of winter sewing or reading her Bible by the graveside of her little grandson.

But in the midst of this sorrow she had still to perform her professional labours as long as health would permit. In playing the part of a woman who has lost her child, and who cries "My child! will no one give me back my child!" she was more than great, she was sublime, and interpreted the character with almost supernatural force and truth; but the cries which would have been grotesque or savage in the mouth of a mere actress drew down upon her shouts of applause. Once, some one remarked to her "Never has a woman been so applauded by the public." "I can well believe that," she replied: "other women give their talents to the public, but I give my life!"

Finally, after continual reverses and unbroken misery, after suing in *forma pauperis* for an engagement to gain bread for herself and children, and being offered the sum that might be economized in gaslight, she died surrounded by naked and cruel misery, and fearing to be interred in the common trench of the cemetery. What a contrast her life to that of Rachel, of which we gave a notice last month!

This imperfect sketch, drawn from one of the memoirs in the volume under consideration, will show that, despite its faults, it is well worthy of perusal for the information it contains.

The space which we have devoted to these works necessitates our postponing until next month a review of a volume of poems entitled *Hymns of God and Nature*, and other literary notices.

## London Sights and Sounds.

WITH such an event as a Royal Christening we set off on our chronicle of the month that is gone. The nation has chanted a lullaby like the chorus in that most fantastic of our dear Shakespeare's plays, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*:—

"Lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby;  
Never harm, nor spell, nor charm,  
Come our royal baby nigh;  
So, good night, with lullaby!"

The reader will, of course, detect the slight variation to suit our subject, every one now being emulous of attaining fame as a Shaksperian critic. Albert Victor Christian Edward, destined, unless adverse fates intervene, to hold the sceptre over realms upon which the sun never sets, is received into the arms of Holy Mother Church amidst the murmured blessings of a loyal multitude and the clangour of a thousand metropolitan bells. The small treasure was arrayed in a robe of Honiton lace, and was intrusted to the careful custody of the Countess of Maclesfield, whilst the highest ecclesiastical dignity bestowed upon him the outward and visible sign of Christianity, and his royal mother, radiant with joy, and attired in a white satin dress with rouches of tulle, and two flounces of rich Brussels lace, decked with flowers, water lilies, ferns, and grasses, and wearing, too, the City hoop of diamonds round her head-dress, looked on the scene with unmingled pride. And after the ceremony Haydn's grand chorus from the sublime Creation proclaimed the glory of God as told by the everlasting heaven. And thus much for Albert Victor Christian Edward, God preserve him!

But in addition to this great event the period which has elapsed since we last wrote is brimming over with incidents, which we will just hint at, unless intimately connected with our especial vocation. The middle of the month saw the long threatened levee, where as much of the world of *ton* as could be conveniently, or even inconveniently accommodated, sunned their plumage in the radiance of royal smiles. Last month we echoed the popular growl as to the troubles which result on these occasions, and we are happy to be able to observe that the functionaries engaged are becoming more enlightened, and fashion's votaries a little more considerate of fellow-humanity. And this observation naturally leads to remark on the praiseworthy attempt of the Countess of Fife to break the monotony of English *réunions*. How all of us hunger and thirst after something novel! How tired we all of us get even of the music which one hears at these assemblies, of the small talk and larger talk! If it were not for flirtation, indeed, it is impossible to conceive that human nature would sustain the monotony which pervades fashionable notions on this head. Well, the lady we have named hit upon the brilliant idea of entertaining her guests with *tableaux vivants*; and if we say that she attained her end in creating diversion, but that she failed artistically, we shall still be giving her considerable praise. This is not the place to enter into detailed criticism, or we might remark on some of Mr. Leslie's creations. As a whole, the representation was brilliant: perfection was not to be expected. We would therefore gladly see "live pictures" encouraged—in fact, we would gladly see anything encouraged which would give sensible relief from the mechanism of evening parties. It is an iron age, but that is no reason that we should become metallic in our amusements.

If there were anything in a name, which of course there is not, who would dream of going to see anything with such a title as *Bunkum Muller*? We found Mr. Sothorn at home alone, perfectly at his ease, and as happy as he has ever been in *Our American Cousin*. 'Bunkum' is inspired with the hero-worship of the day, for he takes a bust of Shakspeare into his confidence, and with sacrilegious facetiousness he whispers the bard as his friend Bill. This would be very small beer indeed, if there were no accompanying thunder; but 'Mr. Muller' is a man whose resources are legion, and whose energy is unlimited, notwithstanding a broken collar-bone, and considerable shaking, sustained only a few days previously. But our remark was true: we are metallic in our amusements, and a popular actor must be made of something like cast-iron.

Mr Charles Matthews figures at the St. James's in a



new comedy, entitled *The Silver Lining*. We notice it, however, not with a view to criticism, but to remark simply upon the improved appearance which Mrs. Charles Matthews makes herein. Of course our friend Mr. C. M. can lend attraction to any character, and appearing first in *The Silver Lining*, and then in that admirable *bonne-bouche*, *Cool as a Cucumber*, he never fails to draw a crowded house. As ranking somewhat nearly in the same category as *The Silver Lining*, the *Comedy of Errors*, as played at the Princess's, is noticeable. Although dignified by a place amongst Shakespeare's compositions, it is in reality, as represented at this theatre, a rather broad farce, in five acts. A couple of actors, named the Brothers Webb, support the characters of the two 'Dromios,' and do it very well, but, of course, the great interest centres upon 'Egeon,' whose opening speech—

"Praised, belov'd, to procure my fall,  
And, by the doom of death, end woes and all—"

is tragical enough to give good effect, by the contrast to the farcical matter which succeeds. Dramatic ability finding few opportunities for display in this piece, the more credit is due to Mr. Mellon, Mr. Vining, and Mr. Nelson, for appearing to such good purpose in the characters of 'Egeon' and the two 'Antiboluses' respectively. Although we have awarded some commendation to the Brothers Webb, we must admit that their greatest virtue consists in being so very much alike.

To conclude our record in connection with the drama, we have but to say one word as to Miss Marriott's representation of 'Hamlet' at Sadler's Wells, and we candidly confess that this lady has acquitted herself more creditably than we anticipated. If we remember rightly, we objected to the idea of a woman being capable of giving a satisfactory conception of this difficult character, and as far as physique goes, Miss Marriott is far from satisfactory. She is below the ordinary stature of men, and in these days of short men that is saying a great deal. Our idea of 'Hamlet' is after Kemble's representation, and a plump little lady like Miss Marriott puts our teeth rather on edge. We do not conceive that 'Hamlet' will ever be properly pictured by mortal, for he was a fiction of Shakespeare's brain, into the secrets of which none but the bard himself could instruct an actor. Mr. Bellow may be a tolerable tutor in declamation; and if report speaks truly as to his having taught Phelps, he has had a hand in forming the best living representative of the eccentric Dane. Miss Marriott must be regarded from a general point of view, and as such she is just passable. More cannot be said. She has studied industriously, and with a reverence for her author, and for this at least let us heartily commend her; but, at the same time, remark that we are far from inclined to encourage the assumption of these strong masculine characters by ladies.

In another page will be found a notice of the prospectuses of the rival Italian opera-houses.

In music and literature little has to be recorded. Of musical entertainments, indeed, we might gossip from cover to cover, but with little profit, inasmuch as nothing extraordinary has met our view. The proposition of a Government grant to the English Royal Academy of Music is noteworthy, as having excited some jealousy. We cannot do otherwise than hope that this academy may receive all the support which it deserves; but if grants made in one instance are to be multiplied, it is difficult to see where Government is to stop. We are happy to observe that Government is exercising a judicious reticence in this respect.

The great event in the literary world is the appearance of Mr. Carlyle's fourth volume of his great work on the 'Great Frederic,' which embraces a period of thirteen years. It is wonderful with what surprising success our author maintains the vigour of his delineations. His handling of the Silesian War is superb, but in every instance there is the same hero-worshipping, to which he, the satirist of hero-worship, has proved that he is not proof. We have, also, in this volume, a very entertaining chronicle of Voltaire's quarrel with Maupertuis; it is told in Carlyle's blithest and most pungent style, and deserves to be read by everybody who would see somewhat of the great infidel's mind, otherwise than by the light of his own works.

It seems ridiculous to refer to Mr. Philosophy Tupper after talking about Thomas Carlyle; but our milk-and-water moralist, the adored of Olapham, has produced a volume of poems almost all about himself. He calls it *Others*, and as a satisfactory addendum to the "hundred thousand welcomes, and a hundred thousand more" it may be noticed, and laid on the most remote shelf of the reader's library. If Mr. Tupper had confined himself to philosophy, he might possess fame, which he is now rapidly losing.

In the matter of picture galleries we may observe that an addition has been made to the National Gallery: it is "The death of Major Pierson," and is by Lord Lyndhurst's father. The Mulready collection, which is truly superb, opened on the 19th of the month.

## Paris Sights and Sounds.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

Patti has achieved another triumph, and one of her most decided, in *La Traviata*. She seems to have silenced all opponents, and to be accepted now, not only as an exquisite singer, but as exhibiting the capabilities of a remarkable actress. A critic here says, that if she would consecrate only six months to study under Sampson, of the Théâtre Français, she would be another Malibran. It

is to be hoped that she will not be seduced by such advice, but will cultivate her own charming natural manner, instead of sacrificing her originality at the altar of French formalism: one spark of the Patti nature is worth all the laboured results of the French Conservatoire. The French have learned from her play the pleasure of natural acting: this is a grand gain to them; they should thank her for her lesson, and not recommend the painting of the violet by the clever artist of the Français. Another success has been the reproduction of Flotow's *Marta*, with Patti, Madame Merio-Lablache, Mario, Delle-Sedie, and Scaldie, as the principal singers; Patti's rendering of the famous "Qui sola vergin rosa," has been greatly applauded for its simplicity and effectiveness, and it is admitted now that she can do without the introduction of extraneous ornament. Her victory over the Parisians is as complete as it was over the Londoners. *Lara*, a new opera by Maillart, founded on Byron's most Byronic poem, has achieved a moderate success at the Opéra Comique. Gounod's *Mireille* has just appeared at the Lyrique; and Offenbach's *Georgiennes* at the Bouffes Parisiens; but neither of them has created a sensation.

One of the most remarkable events of the month, is the performance of a new mass, by Rossini, at the house of the Count Pillet Will, the well-known banker and capitalist. The artists who interpreted this new work of the maestro were the sisters Marchisio, Gardoni, and Agnesi, and the accompaniments were played on two pianos and a Debain's harmonicon. The reports are most enthusiastic—of criticism, there is none. All the *élite* of the musical world was present—Auber, Meyerbeer, Ambrose Thomas, Prince Poniatowski, and I know not how many more well-known composers and amateurs, and, of course, all the *crème* of Paris fashion. It is said that the mass will be repeated shortly at the Tuileries. Rossini has at last permitted the publication, by Escudier, of his much-talked-of songs, *Grenada* and the *Andalusian Widow*, both sung by Patti, who seems to have thawed the icicles that had of late years clogged the harp of Rossini.

During the visit of the Archduke Maximilian a curious musical entertainment was given at the Tuileries. M. Duprés, the famous singer, has for some time amused his intimate friends with what he calls his Punch and Judy (Guignol), or, in other words, a company of lyric marionettes, the grand scenes from the most popular operas being parodied with great cleverness by Madame Vandenhoeve and her brother Léon Duprés. He was invited to exhibit at the Tuileries, and of course such an invitation is a command. The exhibition is said to have given immense satisfaction to the imperial circle.

A beautiful marble monument has just been erected over the last resting-place of the composer Halévy, in the cemetery at Montmartre; the occasion of the ceremony was the second anniversary of his death. M. Nieuwerkerke pronounced an eloquent oration on the occasion, and an anthem was sung. There was a large attendance of artists and amateurs.

The ballet brought out at the Grand Opera, about a month since, *La Maschera*, or *Nights at Venice*, and about which there was so much preliminary talk, has not achieved a great success. The new dancer Mademoiselle Amina Boschetti is admitted on all hands to exhibit great power, but her style is not exactly that which pleases the French *habitués*.

The one grand success of the dramatic kind is that of Madame George Sand's new play, adapted from her novel, entitled *The Marquis de Villemer*; those who have read the story in its published form will not recognise in it much dramatic promise; but Madame Duvivier knows the theatrical strings as well as those of the human heart, and has contrived to throw a simple domestic story into a most engaging dramatic form. *The Marquis de Villemer* is a real success; and, as if to give the favoured author all possible *clat*, the students smelt out a Jesuitical cabal against her, on account of another of her late works, in which the priests were not handled in the most reverential manner; and made one of the most formidable counter-demonstrations that has been seen for a long time, not only was the theatre crammed, but the whole of the place and surrounding streets were one mass of human beings; and, to crown all, the Emperor and the Empress were present at the first night. Lastly, "George Sand" has allowed herself to be photographed for the first time, and the sale of the *cartes* is another demonstration against the Jesuits.

A new piece by Alexander Dumas, *filis*, was produced the other evening at the Gymnase. M. Dumas has fairly worn out the subjects upon which he has heretofore worked, and now deals with respectable people. His hero is a man whose calling is to prevent ladies getting into mischief, and his heroines are sad proofs how much indelicacy may be masked under a moral essay of the dramatic class. The principal idea which pervades the three leading female characters is perhaps the most sensual that could possibly have been selected in connection with anything short of gross and absolute immorality. Certainly no English theatre would tolerate the *Ami des Femmes* for an instant.

The return of the receipts of the theatres and other places of amusement for the month of February, informs us that the people of Paris and visitors spent very nearly two millions of francs (£80,000). This is certainly a grand total for twenty-nine days; but there are no less than twenty-nine fresh parties now putting in their claims to a portion of the spoil, or hoping to create more—this being the number of serious applications for permission to open new theatres.

The Government has intrusted M. Benedict Masson

with a grand commission—the illumination of the whole of the cloisters which surround the chief quadrangle of the Hôtel des Invalides. The space of wall and coverings to be covered with mural paintings is very large. M. Masson has chosen for his subjects the four most striking epochs of French history—those of Charlemagne, Saint-Louis, Louis XIV., and Napoleon. He has four walls to cover with paintings, each of them being about one hundred and fifty-feet long by sixteen feet high.

One of the most judicious and liberal arrangements yet made in any great public museum of art has just been announced; a fine room or gallery in the Louvre is now being fitted up as a studio for artists and amateurs who desire to copy or study works of ornamental art, vases, bronzes, jewelled ware, carvings, &c. A certain number of objects will be selected and placed at the disposal of the students during the hours of study, under the superintendence of an officer of the museum, and will be kept during the intervals in a glass case now being fitted up in the studio for that purpose. This is a most praiseworthy method of making the productions of past ages available for artistic purposes, and the British Museum and other establishments would do well to take a hint from the imperial administration in this respect. To M. Nieuwerkerke, the superintendent of the fine arts here, is attributed this generous and useful innovation.

A sad and, happily, rare accident happened here the other day to M. Dubray, the sculptor; he had just completed an equestrian statue of Napoleon I. for the town of Rouen, and was about to deliver it into the hands of the moulder, in order to its being cast in bronze, when, turning it round on its table, the central iron bar gave way, and in an instant the labour of a whole year lay on the floor a shapeless mass of clay. The effect of this accident on the artist and his visitors may be more easily imagined than expressed; but M. Dubray, after the first shock had subsided, declared that he would be at work again in two days, and he kept his word. Strange to say, a similar accident befell a well-known painter, at almost the same moment. The artist had just completed a very large picture for the May exhibition, and one day left his studio, locking the door behind him; on re-entering it, the work had slipped from the easel, and, falling forwards, the back of a chair had passed completely through the very centre of the composition.

A very interesting exhibition is appointed to take place shortly in Paris, consisting of the works of the three Vernets, Joseph, Carle, and Horace, grandfather, father, and son; it is believed they will amount in all to more than a thousand pictures and drawings. A commission, of which the two grandsons of Horace Vernet, sons of Paul Delaroche, and his nephew M. Emile Lecomte, are members, has been appointed to carry out the project.

A most attractive exhibition of the works of contemporary artists is now open in the rooms of the Union Artistique—an artistic club—and one picture there excites universal admiration and astonishment. It is the production of that extraordinary great artist of small pictures, Meissonnier, and represents a party of travellers in a carriage, escorted by men on horse-back. It is a work of intense cleverness and beauty—bright, crisp, and charming; the dust flies around the scampering troupe, the wheels of the carriage whirl round, as it were, invisibly; in short, to quote an expression from a writer in the *Moniteur des Arts*, "The equipage flies before the spectator, raising the dust as it goes; one scarcely seems to have time to look at it; all will be out of sight in a moment, but there will still remain before his eyes a charming landscape bathed in sunlight." Meissonnier has perhaps hardly ever produced a more surprising work. Those who remember the little gem that was exhibited in London in 1862—horses being shod in a shed in which are poultry and many accessories, all within the size of a *carte de visite*, may form some idea of this other and far more important product of Meissonnier's fairy pencil.

The Delacroix sale maintained its attraction to the end; the prices produced by the drawings were enormous. A small water-colour drawing of Cromwell before the corpse of Charles I. fetched more than £40; a slight pen-and-ink sketch of the death of Laura, upwards of £16; another, in sepia, of Faust and Mephistopheles, more than £20; a sketch of the death of Ophelia, nearly £21; another of Hamlet and the grave-diggers, a mere outline, £18 10s.; a small water-colour drawing of an Arab horseman, £20 8s.; and a drawing of a single figure, an Arab seated, £28. This famous sale has, however, left the picture market in rather an exhausted condition, for at a general sale that has taken place since a fine work by Delacroix *Clorinde*, valued at £500, was sold for £300. One of Decamps' best pictures, *Diogenes* throwing away his cup, was withdrawn when the biddings had risen to 10,000 francs, and a fine work by Prudon and Mayer was also withdrawn at 15,000 francs. Chinese and Japanese ware, porcelain bronzes, and old works in ormolu, are now the rage in Paris.

## NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Musical and Literary contributions should be addressed to the Editors, 33 Firth-street, Soho-square, London, W. Books and Music for review will be received by Messrs. Hall, Allen, and Smart, 25 Paternoster Row, E.C., or at the Office of THE MUSICAL MONTHLY.

MUSIC AND PAPERS RECEIVED.—*My Winter Night's Dream; La Jolie Waltz; The Jolly Galop; Margarita Romanza; A Slight Mistake; Country Journals; The Cousins; The Twins; The Chaplet of Flowers; The Dying Soldier; My Dream.*



## Fiction.

## MODESTE MIGNON.

## CHAPTER VI.

THE conflict of sentiments which arose in Ernest's upright mind may be readily conceived from the letter which he wrote, and in which every lash inflicted by conscience left its trace.

A few days afterwards, this is what Modeste read at her window on a fine summer day:—

"Mademoiselle.—Without the slightest hypocrisy I confess, that if I had certainly known that you possessed an immense fortune, I should have acted very differently. And why? I have sought the reason, and it is this:—We have within us an innate sentiment, developed more or without bound by society, which urges us to the pursuit, the acquisition of happiness. Most men confound happiness with the means of it, and fortune is in their eyes the greatest element of happiness. I should therefore have striven to please you, impelled by the social sentiment which in every age has caused men to pay their devotions to wealth. At least, I think I should have done so. The wisdom which replaces feeling by judgment should not be expected from a man still young; and, with a prize in view, the acquisitive animal instinct hidden in the heart of man urges him forward. Instead of a lecture, therefore, you would have received from me compliments and flatteries. Should I have retained my self-esteem? I doubt it; yet, mademoiselle, in these cases success grants us absolution. But in regard to happiness? That is a different matter. Should I have distrusted my wife if I had gained her thus? Most certainly. Your indiscretion would have appeared, sooner or later, in its true light. Your husband, however great you might make him, would have ended by reproaching you with demeaning him; and you yourself might have finally conceived contempt for him. The man in his strength pardons: the poet laments. Such, mademoiselle, is my honest reply.

"Grant me now your serious attention. You have had the triumph of making me reflect deeply, both upon you, whom I do not know sufficiently, and upon myself, whom I knew but little. You have succeeded in stirring up many evil thoughts which lie stagnant in the depth of every heart; but you have also excited in me some generous feelings, and I greet you as the mariner greets the light-house which warns him of the breakers upon which he might perish. You have my confession, for I would not lose your esteem, nor my own, for all the treasures of the earth.

"I wished to know who you were. I have just returned from Havre, where I saw Françoise Cochet, and followed her to Ingouville. You are beautiful as the maiden of a poet's dreams; but I know not whether you are Mademoiselle Vilquin concealed in Mademoiselle d'Hérouville, or Mademoiselle d'Hérouville concealed in Mademoiselle Vilquin. Although fair warfare, it made me blush to act the spy, and I paused in my researches. You had excited my curiosity: do not be angry with me for having exercised a somewhat feminine attribute, for is it not the poet's privilege?

"Now that I have opened my heart to you and let you read its secret pages, you may believe in the sincerity of what I have further to say. Fleeting as was the glimpse I obtained of you, it was sufficient to make me modify my judgment. You are at the same time a poetess and a poem, before being a woman. Yes, you possess a quality more precious than beauty; you are the *beau idéal* of art—fantasy. An indiscretion, blamable in maidens devoted to an ordinary destiny, assumes a different colour in one endowed with the character that I attribute to you. Among the multitude of beings scattered upon the earth by the chances of social life to form a generation, there are exceptions. If your letter is the result of long poetic reveries upon the fate which the law reserves for women; if you have desired, obeying the vocation of a superior and accomplished mind, to study the life of a man to whom you accord the chance of genius, in order to form for yourself a friendship, apart from common-place relations, with a mind congenial to your own, and for that purpose escape from all the conditions imposed on your sex—then, certainly, you are an exception. The law which serves to measure the actions of the crowd becomes then too narrow to determine your resolution. But in this case the assertion in my letter returns with all its force; you have done too much or not enough.

"Accept my thanks for the service you have rendered me, in obliging me to sound my heart; for you have rectified in me that error so common in the world, that marriage should be a means of fortune. Amid the struggles of my conscience, a holy voice has spoken to me. I have sworn solemnly to myself to make my fortune by my own exertions, that I may not be influenced in the choice of a life-companion by mercenary motives. Finally, I have blamed—I have repressed the unseemly curiosity that you had aroused in me. You do not possess six millions. No incognito would be possible at Havre for a young female possessing such a fortune, and you would have been betrayed by that pack of titled but needy fortune-hunters that I see in chase of heiresses in Paris.

"Thus have the sentiments that I express to you been conceived, divested of all romance, and stated without guarantee of absolute exactitude. Prove to me now that

you have one of those souls to which we excuse disobedience to the general law; you will then grant approval in your mind to this second as to my first letter. If you are destined for every-day provincial life, obey the iron law which binds society together. If you are a superior woman, I admire you; but if you will obey the instinct which you should suppress, I pity you; for so our social state wills it. The admirable moral of the domestic epopee entitled *Clarissa Harlowe* is, that the legitimate and honest love of the victim leads her to her destruction, because she conceives, develops, and pursues her course in spite of her family. Her family, however stupid and harsh they may have been, were in the right against Lovelace. Family is society. Believe me, the glory of a girl, as of a woman, will always be to compress her ardent caprices within the sphere of the narrowest proprieties. If I had a daughter destined to become a Madame de Staël, I should wish her to die when fifteen years old. Can you imagine your daughter exposed upon the stage of fame, and parading to win the homage of the crowd, without experiencing many sharp pangs of regret? To whatever height a woman may be lifted by the secret poetry of her dreams, she should sacrifice her superiorities on the altar of family. Her soarings, her genius, her aspirations towards the good and the sublime, all the poetry of the girl, belong to the husband that she accepts, to the children she will have. I perceive in you a secret desire to extend the narrow circle of life to which every woman is condemned, and to infuse passionate love into marriage. Ah! it is a beautiful dream—not impossible, but difficult; it has been realized to the despair of ill-matched souls.

"If you seek a kind of Platonic friendship, it will become the misery of your future. If your letter was a joke, do not continue it. Thus this little romance is finished, is it not? It will not have existed without bearing some fruits. My integrity is armed, and you will have acquired a certitude in regard to social life. Turn your gaze upon real life, and throw into the virtues of your sex the passing enthusiasm engendered by literature. After having seen you, or one that I supposed to be you, I have regarded your letter as very natural: so beautiful a flower must turn towards the sun of poetry. Love poetry as you should love flowers, music, the grandeur of the ocean, or the beauties of nature, as an embellishment of the soul, but think of all I have had the honour of saying to you concerning poets. Guard yourself against marrying a fool; seek carefully the companion that God has created for you. There exist, believe me, many intellectual men capable of appreciating you and of rendering you happy. If I were rich, and you were poor, I would one day place my fortune at your feet; for I believe your mind to be replete with wealth and integrity;—in short, I would confide to you my life and my honour with entire security. Once more, adieu, fair daughter of Eve the fair!"

The reading of this letter, devoured like a draught of water in the desert, removed the mountain which weighed on the heart of Modeste. Now she perceived the faults that she had committed in the conception of her plan, and repaired them immediately by supplying Françoise with envelopes upon which she wrote her own address at Ingouville, directing the girl not to bring the letters to the Chalet again. Henceforth Françoise, without leaving Havre, put each letter arriving from Paris in one of these envelopes, and re-posted it secretly in the town. Modeste determined to receive the postman herself, by contriving always to be at the door of the Chalet when he passed. As for the sentiments excited in Modeste's heart by this response, in which the heart of the poor but noble La Brière beat beneath the brilliant phantom of Canalis, they were multitudinous as the waves which followed one upon another to die at her feet, whilst she, with her eyes fixed upon the wide ocean, yielded her soul to the joy of having harpooned (so to speak) an angelic soul in the great sea of Paris—of having divined that with distinguished men the heart may sometimes be in harmony with the talent, and of having profited by obedience to the magic voice of presentiment. A powerful interest began to animate her life. The fence of formality about her existence, the wires of her pretty cage, were broken, and the flights of her fancy became freer and wider.

"O my father!" she would say, gazing out upon the horizon, "make our wealth great!"

The reply which Ernest de La Brière read five days afterwards will be more graphic than any description we might write:—

TO MONSIEUR DE CANALIS.

"My friend,—Let me give you this name; you have delighted me, and I would not wish you otherwise than you are in this letter—the first—oh, that it may not be the last! Who but a poet could ever have so gracefully excused a maiden, and have understood her!

"I wish to speak to you with the same sincerity which dictated the opening lines of your letter. And, to commence, most fortunately you do not know me at all. I can assure you, and gladly, that I am neither that frightful Mademoiselle Vilquin nor the very noble and very matter-of-fact Mademoiselle d'Hérouville, who hovers between the ages of thirty and fifty, without being able to decide upon tolerable figures to express the sum of her years. Cardinal d'Hérouville flourished in Church history before the cardinal whom I account the only great celebrity of our family; for I do not consider lieutenant-generals, or reverend authors of short volumes and too long

verses, to be celebrities. Then, I do not inhabit the splendid Vilquin villa; there is not, thank God! the ten-millionth part of a drop of that blood, chilled by the counting-house, in my veins. I spring at the same time from Germany and the south of France: my mind is imbued with Teutonic revery, and my heart is buoyant with Provençal vivacity. I am of noble birth, both through my mother and my father. On my mother's side I am connected with every page of the *Almanach de Gotha*. In fine, I have taken every precaution, and it is in the power of none, not even of the detective police, to unmask my incognito. I shall remain veiled, unknown. As for my person, and my effects, as the lawyers say, reassure yourself; I am at least as good-looking as the little body (fortunate without knowing it) who had the honour of attracting your glance; and I do not reckon upon being a beggar, although a dozen scions of nobility may not escort me in my promenades. I have already seen played for me the comedy of the heiress worshipped for her tens of thousands. And now let me charge you not to attempt to approach me in any manner, not even by way of meeting a challenge. Although free, I am guarded, in the first place by myself, and further by people of courage who would not hesitate to plunge a knife into your heart if you should try to invade my retreat. I say not this to excite your courage or your curiosity; I believe I need arouse neither of those sentiments to interest—to attach you.

"I reply now to the second edition, considerably augmented, of your first sermon.

"Do you desire a confession? I have said to myself on beholding you so distrustful, and that you take me for Corinne (whose improvisations have wearied me so much), that you have already been led away by tenth Muses, who have aroused your curiosity, and led you to taste the fruit of the Parnassus of boarding-schools. Oh, rest in full security, my friend! If I love poetry, I have no 'minor poems' in my portfolio, and my stockings are irreproachably white! You will not, therefore, be wearied by 'trifles,' in one or two volumes. Finally, if I ever say to you, 'Come to me!' you will not find, as you know now, an elderly maiden, poor and plain. O my friend, if you knew how much I regret your coming to Havre! You have dispelled so much of what you call my romance! No, God alone can weigh in his powerful hands the treasure which I reserved for the man who should be so great, so trustful, so clear-sighted as to start from home, on the faith of my letters, after having explored step by step the recesses of my heart, and who should arrive at our first rendezvous with the simplicity of a child! My dreams accorded such innocence to a man of genius. You have diminished the treasure. I forgive you, for you live in Paris, and, as you say, there is a man within the poet. Will you take me, on account of this, for a little girl who cultivates the enchanting parterre of illusions? Do not amuse yourself with throwing stones at the shattered windows of a castle dismantled long ago. How was it that you, a man of intelligence, did not divine that Mademoiselle d'Este had already taught herself the lesson of your first pedantic letter? No, my dear poet, my first letter was not the pebble of the urchin who frolics along his way, and amuses himself with startling the landowner reckoning up his quota of tax behind the rampart of his pleasure-ground fence; but the line thrown prudently by a fisher from a rocky summit on the sea-shore, hoping to catch a miraculous fish.

"All the fine things you say regarding family have my full approbation. The man who may please me, of whom I shall consider myself worthy, will have my heart and my life with the full consent of my parents. I will neither grieve nor surprise them: I feel certain of prevailing with them, and they are moreover unprejudiced. In short, I feel myself strong against the illusions of my fancy. I have built a fortress with my hands, and I have allowed it to be fortified by the unbounded devotion of those who watch over me as a treasure. Not that I am not strong enough to defend myself in the field; for, know you, chance has invested me in armour of proof, on which is engraven the word CONTEMPT. I have the most profound horror of all that savours of calculation—of all that is not entirely noble, pure, disinterested. I worship the beautiful, the ideal, without being romantic, but after having been so, for myself, in my dreams. Thus have I recognised the truth of those things, just even to vulgarity, which you have written to me concerning social life.

"For the moment we are and can be only two friends. 'But why seek a friend in a person unknown?' you will say. Your person is unknown to me, but your mind and your heart are known; they please me, and I feel infinite sentiments in my heart, which require a man of genius for their sole confidant. I wish that the poem of my heart may not be fruitless; it will bloom for you as it has hitherto bloomed for Heaven only. What a precious thing is a worthy companion to whom we can tell everything! Will you refuse the unpublished effusions of a true maiden, which fly towards you like the pretty gnats into the sunshine? I am sure that you have never encountered this mental good fortune—the confidences of a young girl! Listen to her prattling, and accept the songs which she has hitherto sung only to herself. At a later period, if our souls are true sisters, if our characters prove to be congenial, some day an old domestic with white hair, waiting on the roadside, will conduct you to a cottage, a villa, a castle, a palace—I know not yet of what kind will be the hymeneal pavilion of yellow and brown (the colours of Austria, so powerful by marriage); nor whether the catastrophe is possible; but confess that it is poetic, and that Mademoiselle d'Este is very compli-



ant and unexact! Does she not leave you in freedom? Does she come with jealous eye to scrutinize Parisian drawing-rooms? Does she impose on you chivalric conditions, the chains which the paladins of old voluntarily put upon their arms? She requests of you an alliance strictly moral and mysterious. Come then, confide in my heart when you are unhappy, wounded, or weary. Tell me all then; conceal nothing from me: I shall have elixirs for all your pains. I am twenty years old, my friend, but my reason is fifty; and, unhappily, I have felt in another self the woes and the delights of passion. I know all the baseness and the infamy which the human heart may contain, and yet I am the most honest of maidens. No, I have no more illusions; but I have better; I have a faith and a religion. Attend, I am going to commence the game of my confidences.

"Whatever the husband I may have, if I shall have chosen him, that man may sleep tranquilly: he may go to the East Indies, and when he returns he will find me finishing the tapestry begun at his departure, while I shall never have met the gaze or have had my ear soiled by the breath of man; and in each stitch he will recognise as it were a line of the poem of which he has been the hero. Even if I should be deceived by some fine but false appearance, that man would have all the flowers of my thought, all the coqueries of my affection, the mute sacrifices of a resignation proud and not suppliant. Yes, I have promised myself never to follow my husband in his absence from home when he does not wish me to do so; I will be the divinity of his hearth. Such is my human religion. But why not put to the proof and select the man to whom I shall be as the life or a part of his body? Is man ever inconvenienced by life? What is a woman thwarting him whom she loves? A malady, instead of life. By life I understand that happy healthfulness which makes a pleasure of every hour.

"Let us return to your letter, which will be always precious to me. Yes, pleasantly aside, it contains what I wished—an expression of prosaic sentiments as necessary to domestic life as air to the lungs, and without which no happiness is possible. To act as a man of integrity, to think as a poet, to love as women love, that is what I wish from my friend, and that, doubtless, is no longer a chimera.

"Adieu, my friend! I am poor for the moment. That is one of the reasons which cause me to hold fast my mask, my incognito, my invincible fortress. I have read your last verses in the *Revue*, and with what delight, after having initiated myself into the austere and secret grandeur of your soul!

"Shall you be very unhappy in knowing that a young girl prays to God fervently for you, that she makes you her only thought, and that you have no other rivals than a father and a mother? Is there any reason for repulsing pages full of you, written for you, and which will be read by you only? Return me the like. I am so little of a woman yet, that your confidences, provided they are complete and truthful, will suffice for the happiness of your

"O. d'Estre, M."

"My God! am I then already in love!" exclaimed the young referendary, who suddenly became conscious of having held this letter in his hand an hour after reading it. "What course shall I take? She thinks she is writing to our great poet—ought I to continue the deception? Is it a woman of forty, or a young girl of twenty?"

Ernest remained fascinated by the whirlpool of the unknown. The unknown is the obscure infinite, and nothing is more attractive. There arose momentarily from this sombre expanse flashes that furrowed it with brief radiance, and painted fancies à la Martynn. In a precocious life, like that of Canalis, an adventure of this kind would disappear like a fly in a torrent; but in that of the referendary, who was quietly awaiting the return to power of the party represented by his patron, and who in the mean time was prudently dry-nursing Canalis for the tribune, this pretty girl, in whom his imagination persisted in discerning the young blond he had seen, would perforce fix her image in his heart, and perpetrate in it the thousand havocs of romance, which come upon a business life like a fox upon a hen-roost.

#### CHAPTER VII.

ERNEST, as we have said, was much preoccupied with the fair unknown of Havre, and replied in the following letter—a studied and affected letter, but in which passion began to manifest itself in his despatch:—

"Mademoiselle,—Is it fair and honourable to come and fix yourself in the heart of a poor poet, with the ulterior intention of discarding him if he is not according to your wishes, bequeathing him lasting regrets, after having shown him for a brief period an image of perfection, if only a feigned one, or at the least a commencement of happiness? It was very ill-considered in me to solicit this letter in which you commence unrolling the elegant scroll of your ideas. A man may very easily cultivate a passion for one unknown who is able to combine so much audacity with so much originality, so much fancy with so much sentiment. Who would not wish to know you after having read this first confidence? I have been obliged to make extraordinary efforts in order to preserve my reason in thinking of you, for you have united all which can trouble a man's heart and head. I will take advantage, nevertheless, of the momentary collectedness which I retain to make a few humble representations to you.

"Do you think, then, mademoiselle, that letters, more

or less true in regard to actual life, more or less hypocritical—for the letters which we write to each other would be the expression of the moment in which they are penned, and not the general sense of our characters—do you think, I say, that, fine as they may be, they can ever replace the impression we should give of ourselves by the testimony of our ordinary life? Man is double. There is the invisible life, that of the heart, for which letters may suffice, and the mechanical life, to which, alas! more importance is attached than might be believed at your age. These two existences should be in accord in the ideal of which you are enamoured; a circumstance, by the way, which is very rare. The pure, spontaneous, disinterested homage of a solitary soul, possessing knowledge of the world in union with chastity, is one of those heavenly flowers whose colours and perfume afford consolation for all the griefs, all the wounds, all the treacheries to which literary life in Paris subjects one, and I thank you with a heartiness similar to your own; but, after this poetic exchange of my sorrows for the pearls of your charity, what can you expect? I have neither the genius nor the lofty position of Lord Byron; above all, I have not the halo of his assumptive perdition and of his false social misery; but what would you have hoped from him under similar circumstances? His friendship, would you not? Well, he, who was fated to have only pride, was eaten up by irksome and unhealthy vanities, which discouraged friendship. For me, a thousand times less than he, may I not have dissonances of character which render life disagreeable, and make of friendship a heavy burden? In exchange for your reveries, what would you receive?—the annoyances of a life which would not be wholly yours. This compact would be foolish—I will tell you why. Observe, your projected poem is only a plagiarism after all.

"A young German girl, who was not, like you, half German, but thorough German, became, in the intoxication of her twenty years, an adorer of Goethe: she made him her friend, her religion, her god! all the while knowing him to be married. Madame Goethe, like a good German woman and a poet's wife, humoured this worship with an artful complacency, which nevertheless did not cure Bettina! But what happened? This enthusiast ended by marrying a German younger and handsomer than Goethe. Between ourselves, let us grant that a maiden who should have made herself the servant of genius, who should have assimilated herself to him by appreciation, who should have piously adored him up to his death, like one of those divine figures traced by the painters on the panels of their mystic chapels, and who, as a German girl losing her Goethe, should have retired into some solitude from the sight of men, as did the mistress of Lord Bolingbroke—let us grant that she had incorporated herself in the fame of the poet, as, reverently speaking, Mary Magdalene is for ever associated with the bloody triumph of our Saviour—if this is sublimity, what will you say of the converse?"

"Being neither Lord Byron nor Goethe, each a colossus of poetry and egotism, but simply the author of some tolerable verses, I am unfit to claim the honours of worship. I am very little of a martyr. I have at the same time courage and ambition, for I have my fortune to make, and I am still young. Behold me as I really am. The bounty of the king and the patronage of his ministers provide me with a comfortable living. I have all the habits of an ordinary man. I attend Parisian parties absolutely as the veriest dolt may do; but in a carriage whose wheels do not rest upon land solidified, according to the exigency of these times, by inscription in huge rent rolls. If I am not rich, I cannot, nevertheless, claim the interest attracted by the garret, the unappreciable toil, the fame in misery, of some men more worthy than I, as d'Arthez, for example. What a prosaic catastrophe awaits the enchanting fancies of your youthful enthusiasm! Let us stop here. If I have had the honour of appearing to you a terrestrial rarity, you have been for me something luminous and elevated, like those stars which shine forth suddenly in the night and disappear. May nothing tarnish this episode of our lives! If we continued thus, I might love you—I might conceive one of those passions which break down all obstacles, and which ignite in one's heart fires whose violence is great as their duration may be short. And suppose I succeeded in winning you, we should end in the most common-place fashion:—a marriage, a household, children—oh! Bélie and Henriette Chrysale together—is it possible? Adieu, then!"

#### TO MONSIEUR DE CANALIS.

"My friend,—Your letter has caused me as much grief as pleasure. Perhaps we shall soon experience only pleasure in reading each other's effusions. Understand me well. We address ourselves to Heaven, and make numerous requests, but it remains mute. For me, I wish to obtain from you the replies which Heaven does not vouchsafe. May not the friendship of Mademoiselle de Gournay and Montaigne be re-enacted? Are you not acquainted with the household of Sismonde de Sismondi at Geneva, the most touching picture of private life extant, and of which I have heard speak—something like the Marquess and Marchioness of Pescaire, happy in each other even unto old age? Good Heaven! can it be impossible that there should exist, as in a symphony, two harps which respond to each other at a distance, vibrate, and produce a delicious melody? Man, when alone in creation, is at once the harp, the musician, and the listener. Do you find me anxious after the fashion of ordinary women? Do I not know that you go into society, and that you behold there the most beautiful and intelligent women of Paris? May

I not presume that one of these sirens deigns to clasp you with her cold arms, and that she has made the reply whose prosaic considerations sadden me? There exists, my friend, something finer than those flowers of Parisian coquetry; there is a flower that grows on the heights of those alpine peaks called men of genius, the pride of humanity, which they fertilize by shedding upon it the moisture imbibed by their heads from the skies—this flower I desire to cultivate and bring to bloom, for its wild and sweet perfumes will never fail—they will last for ever.

"Do me the honour of believing that there is nothing common-place in me. If I had been Bettina, for I know to whom you have alluded, I should never have been Madame d'Arnim; and if I had been one of the loves of Lord Byron, I should be in a convent at this moment. You have struck the most sensitive chord in my mind. You do not know me yet, but you will know me. I feel within me something sublime, which may be spoken of without vanity. Heaven has planted in my soul the root of that nondescript flower born on the alpine summits, of which I have just spoken, and which I am not willing to plant in a flower-pot on my window-sill, to see it perish. No, this magnificent blossom, unique, with intoxicating odours, shall not be trailed in the common-places of life; it is yours—yours, that no look may wither—yours for ever! Yes, dear poet, to you belong all my thoughts, even the most secret and the most foolish; to you I resign the heart of a maiden without reserve, to you a boundless affection. If your person is not agreeable to me, I shall never marry. I can live in the life of the heart, in your mind, in your sentiments; they are agreeable to me, and I shall always be what I am—your friend. You possess moral beauty: I have recognised it, appreciated it, and that will suffice for me. In that is all my future.

"Do not condemn a young and pretty servant because she does not recoil with horror from the idea of being one day the old housekeeper of the poet, somewhat of his mother, somewhat of his manager, somewhat of his reason, somewhat of his wealth. That devoted maiden, so precious to your lives is pure and disinterested friendship, to whom everything is confided, who listens sometimes with a shake of the head, and who lingers trimming the lamp in order to be there when the poet returns soaked with rain or troubled in mind.

"Behold my destiny, if I do not secure that of the happy and ever-loving wife: I can smilingly anticipate either. And do you suppose that France will be much damaged because Mademoiselle d'Este may not give her two or three children—because she may not be some Madame Vilquin? As for me, I shall never be an old maid. I shall make myself a mother by beneficence and by my secret co-operation in the existence of a great man, to whom I shall devote my thoughts and my efforts in this nether world. I have the deepest horror of common-place. However I may be situated in regard to freedom or wealth, I know myself to be young and beautiful, and I will never be tied to some dolt under the pretext of marrying a peer's son, nor to some rich merchant whom a day may ruin, nor to some exquisite who would play the feminine part in the household, nor to a man who would make me blush for him twenty times a day. Be quite assured on this subject. My father has too deep a regard for my wishes ever to oppose them. If I am agreeable to my poet, and he to me, the bright edifice of our love will be built so high as to be perfectly inaccessible to misfortune. I am an eaglet, and you will see it in my eyes. I will not repeat to you what I have already told you, but I will put it in fewer words by confessing that I should be the happiest of women in being held captive by love as I am now by my father's will. Well, my friend, let us reduce to the truth of romance that which has now happened to us by my initiation.

"A maiden, with a lively imagination, shut up in a tower, is dying with the desire of rambling in the park traversed only by her eyes. She discovers a means of forcing her grating; she leaps from her window, and climbs the wall of the park, and goes to frolic with a neighbour. This is an ever-recurring comedy! Well! this young girl is my soul; the park of the neighbour is your genius. Is it not very natural? Did one ever hear of a neighbour who would complain when his trellis was trodden down by pretty feet? So much for the poet.

"But does the sublime reasoner of Molière's comedy wish for reasons? I will give them. My dear Geronimo, commonly marriages are contracted in opposition to common sense. A young man's family undertake engagements for him. If the Leander provided by a female neighbour, or angled for at a ball, has not fled, if he has no visible blemish, if he has the desired fortune, if he proceeds from some recognized college or school, having satisfied common ideas with regard to education, and if he wears his clothes properly, he is permitted to visit a young female, laced since the morning, whose mother directs her to keep strict watch upon her tongue, and enjoins her to allow no idea or sentiment of her mind or heart to be reflected on her countenance, which is to wear constantly the smile of the ballet dancer finishing her pirouette. She is armed with the most positive instructions upon the danger of displaying her true character, and is directed not to exhibit the possession of mental attainments. The relatives, when they have settled the match in all its monetary and worldly bearings, have the goodness to bring the young people together to make each other's acquaintance for brief periods, during which they converse or walk together without any degree of liberty, for they know themselves already bound to each other. A man in such cases dresses mentally as well as bodily for the occasion, and the girl

does the mingled is called

"It is a legitimate souls. A which necessary you leave an irreverent, the own misc who, obey generous, came ens Be assured one of yo If my mo the genu intellect learn less ence than few mont said. B has, at le sonally. lusion ha so many bound to happiness life-test, their me then the But, my we have we not e "I aw my hear

"Look Is that hap you with the would b just suff But I t future d whether without —in sho you. T anguish be pers ably, I nesses v ness, my of—a co —for as H common always more es

"Can engaged of poet starting every r brooded vulgar the foot which s not talk my cha one sid modified plain th very ob you? my eye wife, as at least present superior self but like yo ing the Yes, de of lovin slowne arm is the fai look ou hair, li main a accord no lon pleas in me, fered b experie behold me ho up the myself



does the same on her side. This pitiful comedy, intermingled with bouquets, jewels, and parties to the theatre, is called *paying one's addresses to one's intended*.

"It is against this that I revolt, and I wish to render a legitimate marriage consequent upon a long marriage of souls. A female has in all her life only this occasion in which reflection, clear-sightedness, and experience may be necessary to her. She stakes her liberty, her honour, and you leave her neither the dice-box nor the dice;—she lays an irrevocable wager, and cannot 'hedge.' I have the right, the will, the permission, to be the maker of my own misery, and I take advantage of it, as did my mother, who, obeying the instinct of her mind, married the most generous, devoted, and loving of men, of whom she became enamoured at an evening party for his beauty. Be assured that I should never have chosen for confidant one of your fellow-worshippers of Apollo already married. If my mother was captivated by beauty, which is perhaps the genius of the body, why should I not be attracted by intellect and physical appearance combined? Should I learn less of you in studying you by means of correspondence than in commencing by the vulgar experience of a few months' *courtship*? That is the question, as Hamlet said. But my mode of proceeding, my dear Chrysale, has, at least, the advantage of not compromising us personally. I know that love has its illusions, and every illusion has its morrow. Here may be found the reason for so many separations among lovers who fancied themselves bound together for life. The true test is suffering and happiness. When, after having passed through this double life-test, two beings have in it unfolded their defects and their merits, and have studied each other's characters, then they can walk together hand-in-hand to the grave. But, my dear Argante, who told you that the little drama we have commenced has no future? In any case, have we not enjoyed the pleasure of our correspondence?"

"I await your orders, monseigneur, and I am with all my heart

"Your servant,  
O. D'ESTE M."

TO MADEMOISELLE O. D'ESTE M.

"Look you, mademoiselle, you are a demon—I love you! Is that what you desired, girl of the original mind? Perhaps you seek merely to amuse your provincial leisure with the spectacle of the follies a poet can commit? That would be an ill-natured action. Your two letters evince just sufficient archness to inspire this doubt in a Parisian. But I am no longer master of myself; my life and my future depend on the reply you vouchsafe me. Tell me whether the certainty of a boundless affection, bestowed without regard to conventional notions, would touch you—in short, whether you permit me to endeavour to win you. There will be quite enough of uncertainty and anguish for me in considering the question whether I shall be personally agreeable to you. If you reply to me favorably, I change my life and bid adieu to many irksomenesses which we have the folly to call happiness. Happiness, my dear and beautiful unknown, is what you dream of—a complete fusion of sentiments, a perfect concordance of souls, a lively impression of the *beau idéal* (as far as Heaven permits us to realize it on earth) upon the common actions of life, to the conduct of which we should always be attentive—in short, that constancy of the heart more estimable than what we term fidelity."

"Can it be said that we make sacrifices when we are engaged in the attainment of a supreme good,—the dream of poets, the dream of maidens,—the poem which, on starting in life, and as soon as thought plies her wings, every refined soul has caressed with his glances and brooded upon in fancy, to behold it dissipated by some vulgar accident; for, with almost the whole of mankind, the foot of the actual treads upon this mysterious egg, which scarcely ever arrives at maturity. Therefore I will not talk to you any more of myself, nor of my past, nor of my character, nor of an affection almost maternal upon one side, filial upon mine, which you have already gravely modified, and the effect of which upon my life would explain the word sacrifice. You have already rendered me very oblivious, not to say ungrateful—is that enough for you? Oh! speak, say one word, and I will love you until my eyes shall close, as the Marquis de Pescara loved his wife, as Romeo his Juliet, and faithfully. Our life, for me at least, will be that *untroubled felicity*, which Dante represents as the element of his Paradise, in a poem much superior to his *Inferno*. It is a strange thing, yet not myself but you do I doubt in long meditations through which, like yourself perhaps, I have enjoyed the pleasure of tracing the chimerical course of an ardently-desired existence. Yes, dear one, I have realized within me the significance of loving thus, of travelling towards the grave with sweet slowness and with an ever-smiling countenance, while my arm is given to a beloved wife, and no storm ever disturbs the fair weather of the soul. Yes, I have the courage to look our double old age in the face, of observing our white hair, like the venerable historian of Italy; whilst we remain animated by the same affection, but transformed according to the spirit of each season. Mark me, I can no longer remain your friend only. Although you are pleased to consider Chrysale, Oronte, and Argante revived in me, I am not such an old man as to drink a cup proffered by the charming hands of a veiled fair one without experiencing a wild desire to tear off the mask and behold the face. Either write to me no more or give me hope. Let me have a glimpse of you, or I throw up the game. Must I say adieu? Permit me to subscribe myself

"Your friend."

TO MONSIEUR DE CANALIS.

"What flattery! How rapidly the grave Anselmo has grown into a gay Leander! To what ought I to attribute such a transformation? To the few black lines that I have traced upon a white ground—to those ideas which are to the flowers of my soul what a rose sketched with a black crayon is to the rose of the garden? or to the remembrance of the young girl taken for me, and who is to my person what the chamber-maid is to the mistress? Have we exchanged parts? Am I reason, and have you become fancy? But a truce to pleasantry. Your letter has caused me to feel intoxicating pleasures of the soul. What, as a poet has said, are the ties of blood, which have so much weight with ordinary minds, compared with those which Heaven knits for us in mysterious sympathies? Let me thank you—no, we do not thank for such things—let me bless you for the happiness that you have afforded me. May you experience the same joy that you have shed into my soul! You have explained to me some apparent injustices of social life. There is a something I cannot express, so brilliant, so masculine, in fame, which sits well only upon a man, and God has forbidden us to wear this halo, while he leaves to us love, tenderness, to refresh the brows encircled with His awful radiance. I have felt my mission, and you have confirmed me in my impression."

"Sometimes, my friend, I have risen in the morning in a condition of inconceivable sweetness. A sort of peace, tender and divine, gave me the idea of heaven. My first thought was like a benediction. I used to call these mornings my little German awakenings, in contrast to my Southern sunsets, full of heroic actions, of battles, of Church festivals, and ardent poems. Well, after having read this letter, in which you show marks of feverish impatience, I felt in my heart the freshness of one of those heavenly wakings, in which I loved the air, all nature, and felt myself destined to die for a beloved being. One of your poems, the 'Song of a Maiden,' paints these moments, when joyfulness is mild, when prayer is a need, and that is my favorite piece. Do you wish that I should say all my flatteries to you in one only? I believe that you are worthy of me!"

"Your letter, although short, has enabled me to read your inner thoughts. Yes, I have divined your tumultuous emotions, your piqued curiosity, your projects, all the faggots collected (and by whom?) for the funeral pyre of the heart. But I have not sufficient knowledge of you yet to accede to your request. Listen, dear one—mystery allows me this freedom which permits the depth of the heart to be seen. Once you have seen me, adieu to our mutual confidence. Will you accept a compact? Was the first we made to your disadvantage? You have won my esteem by it. And admiration, my friend, supplemented by esteem, is no little matter. Write to me, in the first place, a short sketch of your life; then relate to me your existence at Paris from day to day, without any disguise, and as if you were addressing an old friend. Well, after that, I will permit an advance in our friendship. I will see you, my friend, I promise you; and that is a good deal. All this, my dear sir, is neither an intrigue nor an adventure—of that I warn you; for there can result from it no kind of gallantry, as men term it. My life is in question, and what causes me sometimes sharp compunctions for the thoughts which I permit to fly towards you in flocks, the life of an adored father and mother, to whom my choice should be agreeable, and who ought to find a true son in my intended."

"To what extent can your lofty talents, to which God has given the wings of his angels without always giving them their perfection, accommodate themselves to domesticity and its little miseries? How often have I meditated upon this text! Oh! if I have said in my heart, before coming to you, 'Let us travel together!' I have nevertheless felt my heart palpitating on the way, and I have not concealed from myself the barrenness of the path or the ruggedness of the Alp I should have to climb. I have embraced all in long meditations. Do I not know that eminent men, such as you are, have known the love which they have inspired quite as well as that which they have felt—that they have had more than one romance, and that you especially, in humouring those fancies which women indulge at foolish cost, have attracted to yourself more catastrophes than prologues. And nevertheless I have exclaimed to myself, 'Let us travel together!' because I have studied more than you suppose the geography of those grand summits of humanity taxed by you with coldness. Have you not said to me, of Byron and Goethe, that each was a colossus of egotism and poetry? Ah! my friend, you have there participated in the error into which superficial people fall; but it might have been with you generosity, false modesty, or a desire to avoid me?"

"It may be allowed to the vulgar, but not to us, to mistake the effects of labour for a development of personality. Neither a Lord Byron, a Goethe, a Sir Walter Scott, a Cuvier, nor even an inventor, belong to themselves—they are the slaves of their thought; and this mysterious power is more jealous than a woman—it absorbs them, it makes them live and die for its sake. The visible developments of this hidden existence resemble egotism in result; but can one dare to say that the man who has devoted himself to pleasing, instructing, or elevating his age, is an egotist? Is a mother affected with selfishness when she sacrifices herself entirely to her child? Well, the detractors of genius do not perceive its fruitful maternity!—that is the whole matter. The life of the poet is such a continual sacrifice that he requires a gigantic organization to be able to yield himself to the pleasures of ordi-

nary life. Thus, into what unhappiness he must fall, when, after the manner of Molière, he wishes to live the life of the sentiments, all the while expressing them in their keenest crises; for, to me, the comedy of Molière superimposed on his private life is horrible."

"The generosity of genius seems to me almost divine, and I have placed you in this noble family of pretended egotists. Ah! if I had found coldness, calculation, ambition where I admire all my most beloved soul-flowers, you know not with what lasting grief I should have been stricken! I have already encountered disappointment at the portal of my sixteenth year! What should I have become in learning at my twentieth year that same is fictitious—that he, who in his works had expressed so many sentiments hidden in my heart, could not comprehend that heart when it unveiled itself for him alone?"

"O my friend, do you know what would have happened to me? I suffer you to look into the recesses of my heart. Well! I should have said to my father, 'Father, bring me the husband that you may approve: I abdicate all vocation; marry me as you choose!' And had this man been a notary, a banker, a miser, a fool, a country lout, tiresome as a rainy day, vulgar as men of the lowest order—had he been a mechanic, or some old soldier without intelligence, he would have had the most resigned and attentive servant in me. But what a frightful suicide would this be of every moment! Never to have had my soul unfolding itself in the vivifying rays of a beloved sun! Not the slightest murmur would have betrayed to my father, my mother, or my children, the suicide of the soul which at this moment shakes the bars of her prison, which darts lightnings from my eyes, which flies to you on outspread pinions, and alights like a Polymnia in a corner of your study, breathing its air, and regarding all with an eye of mild curiosity. Sometimes, in the fields whither my husband might have led me, escaping a few steps from him and my children, on beholding a splendid morning, I might have secretly shed a few bitter tears. Finally, I should have had in my heart, and in a corner of my chest-of-drawers, a little treasure for all the girls betrayed by love—poor poetic souls, allured to misery by smiles!"

"But I believe in you, my friend. This confidence justifies the most fantastic thoughts of my secret ambition; and see whither my frankness leads me at times:—I would be in the middle of the book that we are commencing, such strength do I feel in my sentiment, such power in my heart to love, such constancy through reason, such heroism for the duty that I have created for myself, if love can ever transform itself into a duty."

"If it was given to you to follow me into the magnificent retreat where I behold us happy, if you knew my projects, a terrible phrase would escape you containing the word 'folly,' and perhaps I should be cruelly punished for having sent so much poetry to a poet. Yes, I wish to be a fountain, inexhaustible as a fair land, during the twenty years that we allot for the bloom of our nature to endure. I wish to keep satiety distant by delicate attentions and refinement. I shall be as heroic for my husband as women can be for the world of fashion. I wish to vary happiness, to infuse intellect into affection, and piquancy into fidelity. In my ambition, I would obliterate my rivals in the past, exorcise exterior sorrows by the gentleness of the wife, by her proud abnegation, and have for my whole life those tender solitudes that birds enjoy over their nests for a few days only. This immense dowry belongs, and should be offered to a great man, before falling into the mire of common-place transactions. Do you now consider my first letter a fault. The wind of a mysterious will has borne me towards you, as the storm bears a rose-leaf into the heart of a majestic tree. And in the letter that I hold here, upon my heart, you have exclaimed, like your ancestor when he departed for the crusade, 'God wills it!'"

"You will no doubt say, 'She is very loquacious!' But here all about me say, 'She is a very taciturn young lady!'"

"O. D'ESTE M."

These letters no doubt appeared very original and interesting in the eyes of the excellent young people to whom we are indebted for their production; but their appreciation and enjoyment of this duel between two intellects crossing pens, whilst the strictest incognito masked their features, may not be generally participated. Four spectators out of five will very probably be growing weary of the encounter. The respect due in all countries with a constitutional government to the opinion of the majority, even when this can only be surmised, has caused us to suppress eleven other letters exchanged between Ernest and Modeste during the month of September. If it should unexpectedly happen that an appreciative majority may request the publication of these letters, we shall be happy to comply with their wish in future editions."

Incited by an intellect as aggressive as the heart seemed adorable, the truly heroic sentiments of the poor confidential secretary gave themselves ample scope in these succeeding letters, the contents of which every reader's imagination, in divining this concert of two free souls, will no doubt supply of a finer quality than they really were. Ernest now lived only for these rumpled sheets of note-paper, as a miser does for that other kind of notes proceeding from the Bank; whilst a deep affection succeeded with Modeste to the pleasure of intruding into a glorious existence, of being, despite the distance, its prime mover. The heart of Ernest perfected the glory of Canalís. It often requires, alas! the combination of



two men to make one perfect lover, as in literature a style is not formed without uniting the characteristics of various prototypes. How often has a woman exclaimed in confidential converse with an intimate friend, "This man would be my ideal in regard to soul, nevertheless I feel that I love that one, who is only a dream of the senses!"

(To be continued.)

### THE LITTLE CHORISTER.

That day, Ange was very sad. He felt his heart heavy within him, it was so sad to be an orphan—so lone in the world, with nobody to love him. It was true Father Mathurin was very kind to him; but then he did not take much notice of Ange, for he was a very little boy; and old Jeannette was really cross, and scolded him almost every day, in spite of everything he did to please her. How different it was with the other boys of the choir: they had all homes, and mothers to love and tend them, and sisters to play with. Guillaume had a brother, a soldier, who took him on his knee, and told him wonderful stories of foreign parts, when he went home from the choir, and showed him his sword and his gun, and taught him how he should use them if he lived to be a man. Little Charles had a sister who sang, and taught him to sing his part so well in the choir, that Father Mathurin praised him above all other, and made him lead the others. Poor Ange! He had no brother, no sisters. He lived with Father Mathurin and old Jeannette, who took no thought of telling stories to amuse him, and no one helped him with his lessons, so that he was often in disgrace, though he tried to do well, and loved Father Mathurin very much, and wished to please him.

This day, Ange thought more than ever on all these things. Jeannette had been unusually cross; and the lessons he had to learn seemed as if they would not stay properly in his head. It had been a very difficult mass that morning, and Ange felt that he was singing wrong. He thought Father Mathurin's eyes were fixed severely upon him all the time, and the whole church seemed to be filled with the discord of his little voice.

Accordingly, when Ange went with the other boys to the evening service, his large eyes were red with weeping, and there was something very like despair gnawing at his heart.

It was a very beautiful, sacred-looking place, that old Cathedral, those high Gothic arches of sad-coloured stone, now and then tinged with beautiful colours from the sun's rays through the windows of many-coloured stained glass. And the old carved oak pulpit, black with age; and the choir; and the very high seats where Ange sat, all curiously carved, and some with such strange hobgoblin-looking figures, so unreal, and yet so life-like, that they seemed almost to move in the twilight; and Ange would have been dreadfully frightened—only that he knew where he was, and in whose service, and he felt that no evil power could harm him so long as he put his trust in his Lord and Master.

The sun was not set; its rays still came through the stained glass, and rested first on one head and then on another of the boys in the choir; and last of all it came to Ange's head, and then it went away altogether, and the church grew darker, and the organ played solemn and grand music, and the odour of the incense still rested on the air. And the church grew darker, and darker, and lights were lighted in different parts, but they seemed to burn very dimly, and to make little aureoles round themselves, and leave every one else in darkness—the cathedral was too vast for anything but the sun to light it; and Father Mathurin mounted into the pulpit, to preach. And Ange, wearied with weeping and sorrow, felt a repose stealing over his troubled little heart. And he tried very hard to listen to what Father Mathurin was saying, and to keep his eyes wide open and fixed upon him; but he could not do it. It seemed as though two leaden weights were tied to his eyes; and then, when he did open them, Father Mathurin seemed to be spinning about, and his voice sounded more like the buzzing of bees than Ange's native language. The struggle lasted some time, and Ange rubbed his eyes again and again; but it was of no use, and at last the poor little head fell upon his breast, and Ange fell fast asleep.

Guillaume, who sat next Ange, was busy whispering to the boy next him, how his brother's regiment was ordered to Paris, and so Jean would see the beautiful queen, and perhaps be made a captain by her, for he was a very handsome man, so the queen could not fail to notice him. Guillaume thought; and Guillaume was in such a hurry to run home and talk to Jean about it, that he never thought of Ange; and indeed, if he had, he would have thought that Ange was already gone home, for the arms of the seat were so large, and so much carved, and Ange had sunk down so much since he had fallen asleep, that he really did not look like a little boy at all, but more like a heap of something left in the choir that nobody felt inclined to take any notice of.

And Father Mathurin's sermon was ended, and the lights were all put out, and the people left the church one by one, and then the last step was heard echoing through the lofty building; and then the sound of the great key in the old lock, and the clink of the other keys on the same bunch, as the old verger locked the doors; and then a deep silence—and little Ange was still asleep in the choir.

Still sleeping, softly, peacefully, innocently, as though he had been on the softest bed of down—a sleep that refreshed his weariness, and made him lose all thought of trouble. First, he slept in all unconsciousness, every thought drowned in the world of sleep; then came a beautiful vision before him—an angel so pure and beautiful; there was a light of glory around him, and, as he drew near to Ange, he seemed to bring an atmosphere of music with him; and Ange, though he knew it was a spirit, felt no fear. And then Ange, in his dream, fell upon his knees, and prayed that Jeannette's heart might be softened toward him; that he might have strength to be good, and that there might be somebody to love him like a mother. Then, by the angel's side, faintly shadowed out, was a pale, wan face, and frail, slender form, beautiful, but sad, and in her arms, resting its head upon her shoulder, lay a beautiful child. To these two mist-like figures the angel pointed, and Ange cried, clasping his little hands together, still on his knees, and with tears of hope and joy stealing down his face.

"Oh, how I would love her, angel! is she not my mother?"

And the figures faded away; and the angel came quite close to Ange and leaned over him; and then a peace greater than before came over him, and the sleep of unconsciousness returned.

What noise was that that startled Ange out of his sleep? How heavy old Jeannette trod—she who always wore list shoes in the house! Ah, Ange must have overslept himself, and Jeannette must have on her sabots to go to market! But that sound—it was a key turning in a lock; and then the sound of huge heavy doors being thrown open. "Where am I?" cried little Ange, getting up and rubbing his eyes; and then he stared round him, first amazed and then agast. In the cathedral he had slept all night—in the cathedral! And then came the terrible thought of how old Jeannette would scold him, and how displeased Father Mathurin would be. And then he sat down and cried, fairly overpowered by this new trouble, dreading to go home, for fear of old Jeannette, and not knowing what in the world he should do. But then Ange dried his tears—for the thought of his dream came into his mind—and prayed that he might be guided to do that which was right; and then he rose and took off his little chorister's gown, and folded it up, as he usually did after service, and he smoothed his hair as well as he could, that he might not look disorderly, and walked out of the wide-opened church-door with a strengthened heart, prepared to make a full confession to Father Mathurin how he had fallen asleep during his sermon, and slept all night in the cathedral.

### II.

ANGE ran all the way to Father Mathurin's; he would not stop a moment, or even walk slowly, for fear his courage should fail him. He intended to throw himself first at Father Mathurin's feet, and, if he should be so fortunate as to procure his pardon, to prevail upon him to intercede with old Jeannette, of whom poor Ange stood so greatly in dread.

When Ange arrived at Father Mathurin's house, he was surprised to find a group of neighbours round the door, for it was yet very early, and he had quite forgotten that it was the day when the boys of the choir were paid their weekly salary. A mother or sister came with each boy; for though Father Mathurin gave the money into their own hands, yet, when all had been paid, he came to the door, spoke to the parents, and saw that the money was safely delivered up to them, that it might not be ill spent. But poor Ange had forgotten the importance of the day, his heart was so full of his dream, and he thought it was some especial malice on the part of old Jeannette to make his disgrace more public. Poor Ange's heart sank within him, and he would fain have run away; but there seemed a strange new strength, not his own, supporting him, and he made his way manfully through the little crowd. Jeannette stood on the door-step, talking to the neighbours; but when Ange came near her, she caught hold of him, and, turning his little face toward her, said, "Why, how bright thou art! Where hast thou been so early?" And when Ange had passed, he heard her say to the neighbours, "Is he not a beautiful boy, our Ange?" Ange was quite bewildered. It seemed as though he was still dreaming. How strange that Jeannette should be so kind! How strange that she should never have missed him! And so Ange, lost in these conjectures, tried to find his way to Father Mathurin's room, but he was too late: the boys were all coming out.

Ange was very glad it was over, for he dreaded being disgraced before the other boys, and he knew he had done very wrong to fall asleep during Father Mathurin's sermon; so he crept quietly into Father Mathurin's room, and waited till he should come back again.

Now Ange had a little room all to himself, at Father Mathurin's house, and every night Jeannette put his supper there while he was at the evening service; for she loved to spend the evening with Margot, and then they gossiped together merrily about their neighbours, which they would not have liked to do so well if Ange had been with them in the kitchen; and Father Mathurin always spent the evening alone, reading and writing, and it would have annoyed him very much to have such a little boy as Ange in the room with him. So Ange always spent the evening quite alone; and so it was that neither Jeannette nor Father Mathurin knew that he had been out of the house all night.

"Ange!" and Ange started up hastily, and his heart throbbed very much, for it was Father Mathurin who had

entered the room, and the tone of his voice was angry; "how is it that thou hast lain in bed so late this morning? dost thou not know how many temptations laziness leadeth thee into?"

"Father," answered Ange, more and more surprised, "I have never been in bed all night. I am very, very sorry, but I fell asleep during your sermon, and I slept all night in the cathedral, and it was not till Pierre opened the doors this morning that I awoke and ran here. Do, do forgive me!" and little Ange clasped his hands together and looked up in Father Mathurin's face.

"Poor, poor child!" and something like a tear glistened in his eye, and his heart smote him for this poor little one; for who but a desolate and uncared-for child could have been a whole night away from his home and none miss him?

Ange had no kind mother or sister to take his money, so that he always gave his weekly salary back to Father Mathurin, but this day Father Mathurin told Ange to keep it.

"Jeannette tells me," he said, "that thou art in want of a new cap, so go, my child, and choose it for thyself;" and then Father Mathurin stooped down and kissed Ange; for he wished to be very kind, but he was naturally a very grave man, and not much used to children, and he really did not know how to seem kind to them. As soon as Ange was gone, however, he sent for Jeannette, and found fault with her for not paying more attention to Ange.

"Remember," said Father Mathurin, "who said 'Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not,' and think how much we ought to love and tend them for his sake."

But old Jeannette was very angry at being found fault with, as people often are when they know they are wrong; and when she had left Father Mathurin, she grumbled to herself about that troublesome boy, who was always getting her into some trouble or other, and then she went in to neighbour Margot, who declared she would not bear it any longer, if she were Jeannette.

So Ange went out to buy his cap with the money Father Mathurin had given him, but he had not been out two minutes before he had forgotten all about it; he really could think of nothing but his dream, when he walked up and down the streets; instead of looking for a fit shop to buy his cap, he looked everywhere for the two figures in his dream; he felt so certain he should find them somewhere, so sure that the angel had meant he should see them in reality.

Ange always loved to wander about that old town; it had been very large and prosperous, and, though now its brightest days were over, yet it had that sacred air of the past about it, far more endearing than if it had been the newest and most flourishing of towns.

The houses were built half of wood, and there was a great deal of carving about them, and there were the oddest signs over the shops to indicate the occupation of the owners, and quaint inscriptions; and then the first story invariably projected over the street, and made a sort of arcade for the passers-by, and the pointed gables stood out in bold relief against the clear bright sky. Then, though the grass did grow in some of the streets because there was so little thoroughfare, yet Ange knew the face of almost every one he met (and this could not have been in a thickly-populated town), and many stopped to speak a kind word to the little chorister.

Ange met Guillaume, who was in high glee, and invited him to come and see his brother's bright new regimentals; but Ange said he could not go that day; and then he came to that part of the town where the fair was, and there he saw a van of wild beasts and a dancing bear, and a polichinello, which would once have amused him very much; there, too, were pop-guns to shoot at a target, and many other amusements, which would generally have delighted Ange above all things. But now he could not fix his attention on anything—his eyes were ever watching through the crowd for those two loved figures; and though hope grew fainter and fainter, faith in the beautiful angel cheered his heart, and little Ange wandered on determined not to despair.

The sun sank lower in the heavens, and the brightness of the day was over, and it gave the world a melancholy tinge like the rays of departing hope. Ange was weary and worn with hope deferred, and at last he sat down by a grotesquely-carved stone fountain, which was in a centre place where four streets met, and there, though there were many, many people passing, and the busy hum of voices all around him, Ange felt quite alone. He sat in the sunlight, and it gilded his hair and made the ever-falling water behind him sparkle like diamonds, and he gazed upon the setting splendour of the sun, and seemed as though he could see far, far beyond this world; and he thought how easy it would be to the great, and wise, and merciful Creator of that glorious sun to make his little heart happy, and give him to love those sweet beings the angel had pointed to in his dream; and Ange prayed again with the intensity of all his heart, and the fountain ever falling murmured music to his prayer.

And now Ange saw by the sunbeams that it was time for evening service; but the cathedral was very near, and he thought he might venture to stay a few minutes longer; it was almost the first time he had rested that day. There he sat languid and tired, with his little head resting on his hand, when suddenly he started—a shudder passed all over his frame; he saw at the corner of one of those four streets the figure of his dream, pale and wan, with an expression of suffering and resignation that sanctified her face. Poorly clad, jostled by passers-by, to all of whom she seemed a stranger, she stood like a

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wanderer seeking a home; but the child ever clasped to her breast seemed sunk in sleep, unconscious for the time of sorrow or want. Ange would fain have run toward her, but he could not move; he had tried to stand up, but his little legs trembled so, that he was obliged to sit down again. But what was his joy when the figure moved across herself to meet him! How he stretched out his arms toward her! how anxiously he watched each trembling footstep! She seemed so weak she could hardly stand. How he trembled lest any of the carts or carriages in the street should touch her!

"Stop a minute; that horse is going to back now. Oh, quick—quick!"

Ange could not help crying as he watched her, for there were now many more people than usual in the street on account of the fair, and it was impossible for her to hear him.

"She is safe! she is safe!" cried Ange in a tone of joy and triumph. When, just as he spoke, her foot slipped, and the child fell from her arms.

Ange gave a fearful shriek. The child was almost under a horse's feet. Another instant, and his new-found sister would be dead before his eyes.

"Thank God—thank God, he has saved her!"

Without thinking in the least of himself—whether of the danger he ran, or how weak and powerless a little fellow he was—Ange dashed forward. Another second, and they would both have been trodden down; but he had seized the happy moment. The frightened horse reared; and in that moment Ange seized the terrified little one from the ground, and now she was safely nestling in his arms.

### III.

Ange placed the little one gently on the ground by the fountain, and knelt down by the mother. The little girl cried bitterly, for she thought her mother was dead; and Ange tried to comfort her, though in his own heart he thought so too. But Ange sprinkled water on the mother's face, and little Marguerite chafed her hands; and then there came a faint sigh, and Ange's heart beat for joy, and little Marguerite kissed her mother's face and hands in ecstasy, and bathed her in her tears.

"Where is your home?" said Ange.

"We have no home," said Marguerite, "since my father died; and we have come a long, long way, and I am so hungry; and mother says she has no more bread to give me." And the little Marguerite cried again.

This made Ange very miserable. At first he thought he would run home, but then he recollected that Father Mathurin would be in the cathedral, and certainly Jeannette would give him nothing. Then he thought he would go to a baker's shop and beg some bread. Marguerite's mother tried to rise, but she could not; her strength was exhausted, and she sank back again. Still Ange and Marguerite managed to rest her more comfortably against the stone coping of the fountain; and then Ange began to think again what he should do. To assist him in thinking, he put his hands in his pockets; and there—oh joy! lay the bright silver piece Father Mathurin had given him that morning to buy his cap, and which Ange—utterly unused as he was to have money—had totally forgotten.

How supremely happy little Ange felt now, and how skillfully he avoided the carriages and carts; and how lightly and quickly he flew to neighbour Jacques, who kept a baker's shop.

"Will this buy a loaf, neighbour Jacques?" asked Ange, putting down the silver coin.

Jacques gave him the loaf, and off bounded Ange, never heeding or hearing the baker, who cried out as loud as he could, "Stop, stop, my little man—thou hast given me too much!"

Ange gave some to Madeline and some to Marguerite; and then he sat and looked at them; and he could not help saying to himself, "Oh! how happy I am!" And then he thought of Him who had heard his prayer, and given him his heart's desire; and Ange prayed a prayer of thankfulness, and tears of joy rolled down his cheeks, for his heart was very full. Now, it happened that while Ange was sitting there, enjoying the luxury of a good action, and Madeline and Marguerite were eating their bread, Dame Ponsard passed with her fair young daughter, both very gaily attired, having come from the fair.

Dame Ponsard was the hostess of the "Bell," and she was a kind, motherly sort of woman, and knew Ange very well: for many a son she had given him to run messages for her, and sweetmeats and apples, and many things she thought likely to please a little boy. So when she saw Ange sitting by the fountain, she stopped.

"Why, Ange, how is it that thou art not at church? Father Mathurin will reprove thee. Why dost thou dawdle here—hast thou not all day to play?"

Madeline answered for him. She told how he had saved her child, and how she was fainting from want, and he had brought her bread to eat; and then she clasped Ange to her heart, and blessed him. And Dame Ponsard's daughter took Ange's little hand, and pressed it, and said, "Dear Ange!" And Ange blushed very red with so much praise, and wondered why they should praise him so much, when he had only done what had made him so very, very happy.

"Where is thy husband?" said Dame Ponsard to Madeline.

"My husband was a soldier, and was killed a month ago in the war," answered poor Madeline. And then she turned so very, very pale, Ange thought she was going to faint again. And the wind blew cold, for the

sun was set; and Dame Ponsard wrapped her cloak close round her, and then she said:

"Where dost thou sleep this night?"

"God only knows," answered Madeline, "for I have no money—no friends."

Then Dame Ponsard paused a moment, and she looked at Madeline, and she looked at Marguerite; and her daughter Blanche saw what was passing in her mind, and she said, "Do, dear mother!" And Dame Ponsard did not want much pressing, for her own heart had spoken warmly enough in Madeline's behalf. So she turned to poor Madeline and said, "Come, thou shalt sleep at my house to-night!" And then Blanche took little Marguerite by the hand, all brightly clad as she was; and Ange put his hand in Madeline's, and they all went to Dame Ponsard's house.

And Dame Ponsard pressed Ange to stay and sup with them, but he thanked her very much, but said he must run home to Father Mathurin's.

This time, naturally enough, Ange did not in the least expect Jeannette would have missed him; but hardly had he seated himself in his own little room, and begun to eat his apples and bread, than Jeannette entered. Her face was quite red with anger, and she ran up to Ange and shook him violently. "Where hast thou been all day, thou little torment?" she cried. "And why didst thou not come home to thy dinner? and where is the money Father Mathurin gave thee to buy a cap? Thou hast bought no cap with it, I warrant." And Jeannette felt in Ange's empty pockets, and drew them out triumphantly; and then she fell to shaking Ange again, and boxed his ears again, and took away his apples; and all this time Ange could not think of a single word to say to quiet her. And then Father Mathurin's step was heard, and he entered, and led Ange away to his own room. And then Father Mathurin set Ange upon his knee, and said very gravely, "Now Ange tell me the truth—where hast thou been all day, and what hast thou done with the money I gave thee?" But just then Jeannette came to say that neighbour Jacques wished to speak with Father Mathurin, and Father Mathurin told Jeannette to ask him to come in; and neighbour Jacques entered, cap in hand, and told how little Ange had brought him a silver coin to buy a loaf, and how he had wondered how Ange came by so much money; and, finally, how he had brought the change back to Father Mathurin. And then Father Mathurin told Jacques how he had given Ange the money to buy a cap, and how Ange had spent it to buy some bread for Madeline and Marguerite; for he would not have little Ange suspected of so wicked a thing as having stolen the money. And then neighbour Jacques took his leave, and Father Mathurin bade Ange good-night, and said he was sure to sleep well, because he was a very good boy. And Ange felt so happy, that he thought he should never get to sleep at all; but there he was wrong, for he was soon fast, fast asleep, and dreaming the strangest jumble of things imaginable.

The next morning, Father Mathurin and Ange went to Dame Ponsard's, and there they found poor Madeline very, very ill; and the doctor whom kind Dame Ponsard sent for said it was a fever, so every one was afraid to go near poor Madeline for fear of infection, and there was only little Marguerite to watch by her and to smooth her pillow, and give her the medicine that Dr. Maynard had sent her. And Marguerite was a very little girl—much younger than Ange—and so it seemed to Ange impossible that she could do all this by herself; and so Ange begged and prayed to be allowed to stay and watch by his mother, as he called Madeline. And Ange stayed with Madeline, and he walked about so gently on his tiptoes in the room, that he might not disturb her; and he smoothed her pillow with his soft little hand far gentler than the gentlest nurse; and the instant she moved, he came to give her medicine, or some tisane to moisten her parched mouth; and he never wearied in this labour of love.

Sometimes, when Madeline was getting better, when she fell asleep, Ange and Marguerite went for a walk, and it seemed to Ange that the birds sang clearer and flowers smelt sweeter, and the very river danced with a joy it had not known before; and they gathered large bouquets of wild flowers to decorate the sick-room, and made daisy chains as they sat to rest by the river's side.

### IV.

Madeline grew better and better; and when she returned to health she found she had two children to love instead of one. And Father Mathurin agreed that Ange should live with Madeline and Marguerite; and Dame Ponsard found that Madeline was a very good needlewoman, and she gave her work to do, and persuaded many of the neighbours to give her work too; so that, with what Madeline gained and what Ange gained, they had enough to live very comfortably; and Marguerite went to the Sunday-school, and helped her mother about the house on week-days. And then, when there was a market, she sold flowers, for where they lived there was a very pretty little garden, and Ange worked in it all his leisure hours, and grew lovely flowers for Marguerite to sell at the market.

Oh, how different Ange's evenings were now! how Marguerite's little face beamed with joy when he came home; and what a nice supper Madeline always had for him! Simple as it was, it seemed the daintiest of food to him—they were so happy eating it together.

Time passed on, and Ange was no longer a very little boy; but grew to be tall and strong and handsome, and Marguerite grew to be the neatest, prettiest little maid in all the village.

And when Dame Ponsard's daughter Blanche was married, all said Ange was the handsomest youth at the wedding-dance, and none danced so lightly or spoke so gaily as he.

And often when Marguerite went to evening service and walked home with Ange, they would rest together on the stone coping of that same fountain, with the ever-murmuring water behind them, and the sun setting just as it did of yore; and Ange would tell Marguerite all that he had hoped and prayed on that same spot years before, and how fully his dreams of happiness were realized now; and tears of gratitude would come into Marguerite's eyes when she thought of all that Ange had done for them.

As the time passed on, Dame Ponsard called upon Madeline, and she said she thought Marguerite might do something better than sell flowers at the market. And then she told how Fanchette was married, and she wanted somebody to supply her place, and thought Marguerite would suit exactly. And Marguerite, though she was very sorry to leave her mother and Ange, was yet delighted at the thought of doing something for herself; for though they were so happy, they were still very poor. And so Marguerite went to be Dame Ponsard's little maid at the "Bell," and Madeline and Ange found it very dull without her at first, though they went to see her very often. Marguerite became the neatest, handiest little maid possible, and with such a cheerful, lovable face, that everybody was possessed in her favour.

On Sundays, how happy she was to wander in the woods and by the river with Ange; and they talked together of the future, and made such golden plans, and in their plans they were always together. It seemed quite impossible now that Madeline, Marguerite, and Ange should ever be separated.

And then came a busy time in the town—for it was the conscription—and some hearts beat high with hopes of glory, and some were loath to leave their homes, and mothers' hearts were anxious. The town was full of military, and there was Guillaume's brother Jean, with gay ribands in his cap, going about the town to persuade the young men how happy a soldier's life was, and how charming it was to travel and see the world—so much better than remaining all one's life in this little stupid town.

Jean tried to persuade Ange too, but that he could not do, for Ange knew what it was to be without a home; and besides, he would not have left Madeline and Marguerite of his own free-will for any pleasures that could be offered him.

At this time, too, the château was full of people, and there were to be very grand doings there indeed; for the young Count Isadore was coming of age, and so there were fêtes, and balls, and hunts all the day long; and as it happened that the young Count's birthday was on the first of May, the May-day fête was to be held in his beautiful park. And that morning there was to be a carol sung under his window which had been composed expressly for the occasion, and Monsieur Freron, the organ-master, declared that Marguerite should sing the first part and lead all the rest; and he taught her how she should raise her little hand when it was time to begin, so that they might all sing together, so that the voices might not come one after another, like birds flying, as he said.

Dame Ponsard, when she heard what an important part Marguerite was to play in the festivities, was particularly anxious that Marguerite should look particularly nice; and so she gave her a very handsome dark-blue silk quilted petticoat that had belonged to Blanche, and lent her some beautiful old lace for her little cap. And Ange had been secretly saving up money, little by little, so as to be able to buy Marguerite a pair of gold ear-rings; and these he gave her on that morning, so that Marguerite did indeed look quite a little pearl that day. She had on clocked stockings and neat black shoes, with high red heels, such as they used to wear in those days, and such a pretty chintz bodice and skirt, tucked up so as to show her quilted petticoat, and a black hood and cloak, and a dainty little muff, and, lastly, a beautiful bunch of spring flowers which Ange had brought her from the garden.

And so, on that May morning, when the dew was still on the grass, and the sun's rays seemed to cover the whole earth with diamonds, the little choir took their way to the old château, and there ranged themselves under the window of the young lord, to waken him up that day with melody. When they were all grouped lightly before the window and ready to begin, Marguerite raised her little hand as a signal for them all. Then the chorus began; and, last of all, the young lord himself opened his window wide and looked down upon them. The boys took off their caps and shouted, the girls courtesied and waved their handkerchiefs, and the young Count threw down a number of bright gold pieces among them, and then there was a great cry of "Long live Count Isadore!" and then they went away.

Later in the day there was a beautiful May-pole and a band for the dancers. The park seemed perfectly lighted up with the many gay dresses and happy faces that were scattered about it. The trees were in their freshest green, and the frolicsome wind seemed to carry the peals of laughter through their branches, and make them wave and quiver with pleasure. Then about mid-day came all the guests from the château, beautifully dressed, and the young lord in the midst of them, with a beautiful wreath of flowers in his hand; and the ladies with him were laughing and talking, and their silk dresses rustled and gleamed so in the sun, and they wore high, powdered hair, and then such dainty little different-coloured hats to keep off the sun.



All the girls of the village were bidden to come forward that the young Count might see who was most worthy of the crown. Of each he asked her name, and said some kind word, and held council of the two handsome ladies, and sent for Father Mathurin and spoke to him. Then, to Marguerite's great surprise, little Rosalie came bounding up to her where she sat under a tree with Ange, and said, "Marguerite, Marguerite! you are to be Queen of the May, and you must come now and receive the crown." Marguerite blushed till she looked a thousand times prettier than before, and Ange felt happy and proud of her. Marguerite advanced before the young Count, and he spoke very kindly to her, and placed the crown gently on her head, and told her that, as he had put the crown upon her fair young head and made her queen, she must try more than ever to be virtuous and good.

One of the handsome ladies came forward, and said: "My name is the Marquise de Belle Isle, and you must keep this for my sake." While she was saying this, she tied round Marguerite's neck a piece of black velvet, to which was attached a beautiful gold cross. The other lady, who was much younger, and very lovely, gave Marguerite a bright cerise-coloured little purse, and said: "My name is Mademoiselle de Bruntière, and you must keep this in remembrance of me." Marguerite courtesied, and thanked them very much, and returned to her companions; and they all crowded round her to see the beautiful wreath, and cross, and purse, and hear all that had been said to her.

Then, in the soft twilight, each returned to his home, bearing bouquets of wild spring flowers from the woods, and the nightingales sang in the soft evening air, and there was a still sweeter murmur of happy voices as they passed through the lanes.

v.

But the prosperity of the little family was destined not to be of long duration. Something occurred which promised to break up all their peaceful happiness. Ange was drawn for the conscription.

On the evening of that dreadful day, Ange, with a heavy heart, came to see Marguerite, and acquaint her with the misfortune that had befallen them; the tears flowed silently down Marguerite's pale face, and Ange could find no words to comfort her as they stood together in the twilight, in the porch, and the old sign of the Bell swung drearily to and fro before them. Long it was before Ange could tear himself away that night, and wearily and drearily poor Marguerite entered the house, after she had watched Ange down the street, and seen his figure grow less and less in the dusk of the evening. Then Marguerite retired to her own little room, and threw herself on her bed, and cried as though her heart would break. Then she sat up, and thought.

There was a way to set Ange free, but then that way seemed itself an impossibility. Blanche's husband had been drawn, had been bought off; but to do that for Ange, Marguerite must possess twenty louis—and that seemed perfectly impossible—poor Marguerite's wages were only ten crowns a year, and that was just two louis and a half; then there were the four crowns that had been given to Marguerite in the little purse; and the bright golden louis the young Count had thrown from the window, all of which Madeline had in keeping for her. Then Marguerite thought of her ear-rings and cross, and wondered how much they were worth, the ear-rings dear Ange had given her, and Marguerite kissed them for his sake; and with all this was weighing upon her mind, poor Marguerite went to bed, and fell asleep, murmuring "Twenty louis—twenty louis!"

The next day, as she was dressing herself, Marguerite remembered how Angelique, the daughter of Farmer Bousset, had admired her ear-rings—how she had said they were the prettiest she had ever seen, and that she should try and get a pair like them. Yes, certainly, Angelique would buy the ear-rings, and perhaps the cross too; for he was a rich man, Farmer Bousset, and very fond of Angelique. So Marguerite asked Dame Ponsard's leave to go out for the day; and she would not say a word about it to Madeline or Ange, for fear he should try and prevent her selling the ear-rings. Marguerite put on her cloak and hood, and tied up her ear-rings and cross in her handkerchief, and she then, with a heavy heart, took her way to Farmer Bousset's, quite alone.

It was a long, long way, up hill and down dale, but a very beautiful road. The morning was fresh and clear, and everything in nature looked very lovely with its young spring dress; and there were wild lilies, and violets, and primroses, on either side of the road, and the birds sang very sweetly; but Marguerite took no heed of all these beauties now; and the birds' songs did not seem for her, and the flowers looked faded in her eyes, for the thought that Ange was going to leave them had taken all beauty from everything.

And when Marguerite reached the top of the last hill, she felt very hot and weary, and so sat down on the soft grass, mixed with wild thyme and heather, to rest; and the wild ferns grew so tall around her, that they almost made a shade; and then Marguerite untied her handkerchief, in which were the ear-rings and the cross, to look at them as her own for the last time. And, as she sat there, Marguerite grew very thirsty, and then she bethought her of a little mountain-rill, which came out of a rock close by, that was celebrated for its delicious water, and so Marguerite put the handkerchief down, with her ear-rings upon it—in a conspicuous spot, where she should be sure to see it again in a moment—and then she ran to get the water; and the wind was so great that it almost blew

Marguerite's petticoat over her head, as she stooped to catch the water in her hands; and it had made Marguerite's hair quite rough, so she stood for a moment to smooth it with her wet hands, that she might not look untidy when she arrived at the farm.

But when Marguerite returned to the spot where she thought she had left her handkerchief, there it was not. She searched a long time in vain, without seeing anything of either ear-rings or handkerchief; but at last, at some distance from her, blown by the wind, she saw something white, that looked more like a piece of white paper than anything else. She ran after it, and it was blown on and on: still she followed, and at last reached it. Marguerite picked up the handkerchief, but ear-rings and cross were gone—it was the empty shell without the kernel.

The whole day Marguerite wandered about the common, but, alas! there were so many tall ferns, and so much heather and wild thyme everywhere, she could never feel certain of the precise spot where she had been. Sometimes she thought it was one place where she had sat down, sometimes another; and she searched and searched the whole day long quite uselessly, and then she saw that it was near sunset, and that for that day it would be no use searching any more. With a heavy heart and weary feet Marguerite took her way home.

Once again by the fountain sat Marguerite and Ange; and Marguerite, foot-sore and sad, told Ange how she had lost the ear-rings and cross, and so all hope of their being able to raise twenty louis was gone. Marguerite, quite overcome, hid her face in her handkerchief and wept bitterly. Just then came the sound of a horse's footsteps close to them, and Marguerite, despite her grief, looked up, and saw the young Count Isadore. And when he saw Marguerite's face, he stopped his horse and said:

"Why! art thou not the Queen of May? What has made thee so soon in tears?"

And then Marguerite told him how Ange had been drawn for the conscription, and how she had gone to sell the ear-rings and the cross the handsome lady had given her to Angelique of the Bousset farm; how on the common the ear-rings had been lost. And then Marguerite's tears flowed afresh.

The young Count passed on, and looked very grave, for he had had so many petitions about the conscription that he had been obliged to refuse all, and felt he could not openly do anything for Ange and Marguerite.

When Marguerite returned that night to Dame Ponsard's, she found some very grand people indeed were coming to dine there the next day, and the whole house was in a state of confusion preparing things for them. The dining-room was to be decorated with laurels and flowers, and the band of the young Count's regiment was to play during dinner, and every honour was to be paid them; for though these travellers were only called the Comte and Comtesse du Nord, yet the courier said that was a feigned name, and they were, in fact, heirs to one of the greatest crowns in Europe.

The next day Marguerite could not go to look after her ear-rings, for she had a great deal to do.

All day these great people were expected, and at last there was a great noise of carriages, and they stopped before the door of the "Bell," and a great, great many people were there to see the travellers descend; and then Dame Ponsard, rather awe-stricken, but still smiling and courteous hostess, stood in the porch to receive them, and showed them to their rooms. And then came the dinner; and poor Marguerite, with her pale face and red eyes, had to help others to wait at table.

And the young Count Isadore was there, and he sat on one side of the great lady, and her husband on the other; and they talked a great deal all the dinner, but Marguerite never noticed whether they looked at her or not—she could think of nothing but Ange. But at the end of the dinner, when the dessert was on the table, and all the servants were going away, the lady beckoned to Marguerite and called her by her name; and Marguerite came, and felt very shy and nervous, for it was all she could do to help crying, her heart was so sad.

"So thou art the Queen of the May," said the lady, kindly. "And now tell me, why are thy eyes so red with tears?"

"Ange has been drawn for the conscription, madame," answered Marguerite, in a sad, low voice.

"And dost thou love Ange so much?"

"Oh yes, very, very much!" answered Marguerite; and, despite of herself, she blushed quite red, and the teardrops came in her eyes again.

"And how much money would it take to free Ange from this conscription?" said the lady's husband.

"Oh, a very large sum; more than we could ever have," answered Marguerite.

"But how much?" said the Countess.

"Alas! twenty louis, madame," answered poor Marguerite. And then she wiped her eyes on the corner of her apron, and made a sort of half-movement to go away; for she felt that if she stayed much longer she should burst into tears.

"Hold out thy apron, my child," said the Countess, gaily. And then from her purse she took twenty louis and strewed them into Marguerite's apron.

Poor Marguerite could not speak a word to thank her kind benefactress; she gave a little scream of astonishment and joy, and the louis rolled on the floor. And she knelt and kissed the lady's dress, which was all the thanks she could offer; for Marguerite's heart was too full for words.

As soon as Marguerite had a little recovered from her agitation, she ran off to their home to find Madeline and

Ange, and impart her joyful tidings. And then she was sadly disappointed to find that Ange was not there. He had been out all day, Madeline said; but the two took counsel together, and determined to hasten to the mayor's that night, in spite of Ange's being away, and obtain his dismissal; for Marguerite felt quite uneasy at having such a large sum of money in her possession, for fear something should happen to it before it had accomplished its end.

And the mayor received Madeline and Marguerite very graciously, and was very glad that they had been able to buy off Ange; for Ange had a good name in the town, and all loved him and thought well of him. And then, very joyfully, Madeline and Marguerite walked back to the "Bell," and there they found Ange sitting in the porch to receive them. And then they all retired together to Marguerite's little room, and Marguerite told how kind the great lady had been to her, and how she could not help thinking that the young Count had told their story, and interested the great lady in their behalf; and Marguerite drew from her pocket the little card which gave Ange his freedom. And then Madeline clasped Ange to her heart, and kissed him again and again; and Marguerite felt as happy as though she had been a real queen.

And at that moment came a tap at the door; and it was dear, kind Dame Ponsard come to congratulate them on their happiness. And then Marguerite had to tell her story all over again; but she did not the least mind it: she could have told it all day long—she was so happy.

"But what a pity thou hast lost thy cross and thy ear-rings all for nothing," said Dame Ponsard. Now it was Ange's turn to tell his story; and he told that he had been all day on the common, searching for the said ear-rings and cross; and then, to the great astonishment and delight of all, he drew them both out of his pocket, and told how he had found them, almost hidden by the heather and moss, where they had fallen when the wind had blown the handkerchief away. Most joyfully he tied the cross around Marguerite's neck, and put the ear-rings in her ears.

The next morning early, the travellers were to start. Ange and Marguerite stood ready in the porch, strewing flowers for them to walk over, and in their hands they had bouquets of the choicest flowers of their garden to offer to the Count and Countess; and Ange and Marguerite waited some time before they came; but when at last they did come, and they offered the bouquets, the Countess smiled so kindly, as she took hers, and said to Marguerite, "Is this Ange?" and Marguerite courtesied, and said, "Yes, madame; this is Ange." And when the carriages drove away, all the people cheered them, for they had heard the story of the great lady's kindness: and Ange and Marguerite blessed them from their hearts. And, in after-life, Ange and Marguerite became man and wife, and in their turn had children; and Marguerite told her children the story of her early years, that they might love the poor and friendless, as Ange had loved her and her mother.

## Life Sketches.

HAYDN.

The cathedral clock of St. Stephen was striking eleven, and the echo of the silent and empty streets of Vienna was repeating the sound, when, just as the hammer fell the sixth time on the bell, the door of an humble house, which was embellished by the swinging advertisement of a hair-dresser, was opened by a young man who had seen about nineteen summers, and closed again at the seventh stroke so precisely that the click of the latch was effectually drowned by the loud voice of the time-piece. That ingenious precaution, however, was frustrated by the imprudence of the youth himself, who forgot that silence was an indispensable element in secrecy, or was unable to resist the impulse under which, as soon as he had emerged into the street, he sang out, in a clear voice, an impromptu accompaniment to the bell, which he concluded with a long F sharp, just as the clock uttered the same note two octaves below.

"Is that you, Joseph?" inquired the master of the establishment, whose name was Keller, presenting himself at an upper window—"I thought you had come in hours ago. What the deuce are you doing in the street at this time of night?"

"Is not the tone of that bell enchanting to-night, Master Keller?" said the youth, dexterously substituting a question for an answer. "When all else is silent, the voice which man has given to time, floats up to heaven in the incense of music, and awakens a sentiment of devotion."

"Possibly enough," rejoined the hair-dresser; "but this very refined criticism, which I confess I do not understand, does not inform me why you are in the street at this hour, singing like some ill-omened night-bird; you will lose whatever voice you have still left, and then, you know, farewell to your pupils!"

"What matter?"—answered the young man—"suppose I were dumb altogether, catgut and wire will sing for me. Do you think I came into the world only to sing? The music that I have in my head shall never want a voice of some sort."

"Well! I know you are a wonderful musician, Joseph," said the other, "and I have always said so, that is why I

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brought you to my house when you were expelled from the soprano class at St. Stephen's for some escapade that might have been let off with a milder punishment. But take care, Joseph, that you do not lose the substance for the shadow!"

Keller spoke in a tone of affectionate remonstrance, for, like the rest of his countrymen, he was an enthusiast in music, and felt no less an interest in the young artist than if he were his own son. Though his means were limited, he had sheltered him, under the conviction that he was rescuing a future luminary of the musical world from the withering blight of destitution; and looking forward to the time when his *protégé* should become a master of song, it was with some vexation that he found him taking liberties with a voice that, although far from powerful, was peculiarly expressive. Repeating his remonstrances more urgently, and finding that they were not likely to have much effect, he at length commanded him unequivocally to enter the house.

"Quite out of the question," said Joseph, "because I was going out instead of coming in, when you opened the window."

"Yes! and as I hope for heaven," said Keller, "you have actually dressed yourself! you have put on your black coat that you wear only on special occasions. Ah! Joseph, I fear you are running into some mischief!"

"No fear of that said the youth: 'you know of my engagement to your daughter Anne; and, besides her, I have no love but for the Muse who whispered to me in my cradle, and taught me how to translate into music the thoughts of my head and the emotions of my heart.'"

"Where are you going, then?"

"Candidly, to sing under a lady's window; but only to have her opinion of a serenade which I composed yesterday. Two friends, who are to play the accompaniment, are waiting for me behind the church."

"And who is the lady? if I may ask."

"The wife of Signor Bernardone, the Italian harlequin; she is a first-rate musician, and an intimate acquaintance of the Count Staremberg, who is an enthusiastic dilettante, and most liberal of his patronage. And so, good night, Master Keller! we have been talking some fifteen minutes; my orchestra will be out of all patience; and as the night is growing cool, you are too lightly clothed to remain longer out there, with your elbows on the balcony."

Stepping away hastily, Joseph turned the corner toward the church, and joined his companions, when the three took their way to the neighbourhood of the Corinthian Theatre, of which Bernardone was the manager, and placed themselves before a window from which the light was softened and tinted by the close-drawn curtains. The serenade was performed to the end, without eliciting any demonstration from within, and the musicians were looking round upon each other in disappointment, when the door was opened, and Signor Bernardone himself stood in the aperture, and inquired whose music it was that they had performed. "The music is mine, signore," said Joseph, "and as I flattered myself that it was not worse than the average, I ventured to submit the first rehearsal of it to the signora."

"That music yours, young man!" said the manager. "I must tell you that its merits have already provoked a discussion between my wife and the Count Staremberg, who honours us with his company this evening. The count is, unfortunately, not in his most amiable humour just now, and declares that it is miserable. The signora insists that it is truly beautiful. As to myself, all I can say is, that if you can set that air as a dance of any sort, and bring it to me to-morrow, I will pay you liberally."

"Many thanks for the offer, signore; but a serenade it is, and a serenade it shall remain. As for dance music, however, I have enough of that in my head to keep a score of harlequins in motion all their lives."

"Corpo di Bacco! young man," said the manager, "I like your humour. Probably you could compose an opera for me?"

"Not a doubt of it, signore!"

"Well, then—come in, and let us arrange the terms."

Desiring his friends to wait for him, Joseph accepted the invitation, and was led into a very richly-furnished room, delicately perfumed, and decorated in the style patronized by ladies who wish to give a drawing-room somewhat of the character of a museum. All that, however, was lost upon the visitor, whose thoughts were so monopolized by the new idea of his opera, that he failed to perceive even that the count, who was moving sulkily up and down the room, was pitifully lame. He was disappointed, at the same time, by observing that the signora, who reclined on a sofa, with her back toward the door, after looking round once, took no further notice of him.

"My lord," said the manager addressing the count, "I have brought you the offender, and am unhappy for being unable to coincide in your lordship's opinion; for I am convinced the young man has something in him. He has just undertaken to compose an opera."

"I wish him joy," said the count, "I shall go and damn it."

"And I shall certainly go and applaud it," retorted the signora, in an opportune and peculiarly feminine spirit of opposition; "and, still more, I will give him a subject," added the lady, opening a cabinet of manuscripts, and handing Joseph one which she carefully selected.

"Thanks, signora," said the young musician, "the ladies have always been kind to me. This very dress coat, which I wear, I owe to the generosity of an Italian lady to whom I gave some lessons in singing, some time since, at Manendorf, whither I accompanied the celebrated Porpora as a domestic."

The count elevated his shoulders, and bestowed a look of annihilating contempt on the wearer of the dress coat.

"Yes, madam," continued Joseph, "in return for the instruction of one of the most short-tempered of masters, I condescended to brush his clothes and powder his wig every morning. He paid my wages in thorough bass and counterpoint, while the lady whom I mentioned, having learned my history, gave me six sequins for every dozen lessons."

The count, who was all this time limping up and down the room, at length paused to inquire the title of the subject; but Joseph, who could not forbear a smile at seeing the MS. headed in large letters *Le Diable Boiteux*, was warned, by a glance from the signora, not to gratify his curiosity.

"Your lordship must really excuse me," said he: "the title of the poem must remain a secret, until the evening of its first representation. You lordship will know it sufficiently soon for your purpose of condemnation; and I would rather not bespeak your hostility beforehand."

"The boy has some wit in him," said the signora soliloquizing.

"The answer," observed the count, "seems to me rather uncivil than witty."

The price arranged between the author and manager, was twenty-four sequins, on condition that the score should be completed in a week—a longer time, indeed, than was required by the composer, who found more difficulty in reducing to order the chaos of ideas that fermented in his brain than in finding music to suit his purpose.

At the end of the fourth day the score was written, with the exception of one passage which threw the composer into despair. Keller was first consulted, and, on the failure of that expedient, application was made to the author of the libretto.

"You have written in this scene," said Joseph, "Here a storm comes on; but I have never seen a storm at sea, and can neither imagine nor express it. Probably your experience has been more suggestive than mine."

"No, indeed; I regret to say," replied the poet, "and I wrote those words in a parenthesis; because, although under the circumstances impossible in words, the thing may perhaps be imitated in musical sounds. But I have not, any more than yourself, ever seen either sea or storm."

The difficulty was serious. How were they to get over it? At last they thought of Bernardone.

"Have you ever seen a storm at sea, signor?" inquired Joseph abruptly.

"Di certo!" cried the manager. "I should think so; for I have been shipwrecked one, two, three times."

"Describe it then, my dear friend, and I will open the piano."

"Better still," said Bernardone, "I will act a storm for you; and then rushing into a pantomime of violent gesticulation, he flung his arms up and down, and swayed his body to and fro, hissing and whistling and screaming all the while, to imitate the sounds as well as the motions of the phenomenon."

"You understand now, my dear boy!" he said, pausing to take breath.

Not a bit, signore! It must be something more than that—your storm only reminds me of an animated nocturnal conversation between two cats."

"Can you not imagine," continued the manager, throwing about the chairs and tables, "can you not fancy the sky frowning darkly; the lightning breaking through the clouds; the thunder growling; the wind roaring and whistling through ropes and sails; the sea all mountains and valleys—valleys and mountains, swallowing each other up, and pursuing each other as far as one can see; the ship rocking up and down and tossed about like a straw? What the deuce! I think it's all plain enough!"

Bewildered by such energetic representation, Joseph was running his fingers up and down the key-board, striking out brilliant chromatic scales and startling combinations of bass and treble; but making no nearer approach to the storm. Bernardone subsided into exhaustion, and the case seemed hopeless; until at last, in mockery of despair, the musician placed a hand at each extremity of the board, and brought them together rapidly.

"That's it," cried the manager, starting up wildly, "Corpo di mille diavoli! There it is to the life!" and springing over the displaced furniture, he clasped the successful composer in his arms.

The opera of *Le Diable Boiteux*, thus miraculously completed, was a signal success; but the Count Staremberg, whose identity with the principal character became more notorious than agreeable, had sufficient influence to suppress it after the second representation; and the consequence was that Joseph, becoming disgusted with dramatic composition, devoted himself thenceforth to his more congenial occupation of instrumental music.

It was just thirty-nine years afterwards that a packet from Calais, on her way to England, encountered a violent storm, which she appeared for some time unlikely to survive. Amid the terror and confusion of the other passengers, there was one elderly gentleman whose demonstrations of joyous excitement suggested some doubts of the state of his intellect, contrasting as they did with the previous reserve and silence of his demeanour. Though removed, almost by force, from a position which he had taken on the fore-castle, and from which he would inevitably have gone overboard in a few minutes, he still remained on deck, laughing in exultation, clapping his hands, and exclaiming at intervals, "There they are! the mountains and the valleys swallowing each other up—the lightning flashing—the thunder growling—the ship tossing

about like a straw! Bah! how very like this my storm was."

These exclamations were utterly unaccountable to the rest of the company, who were still further astonished to see the same man, when the danger was past and their own spirits reviving, relapse into his former state of calm and silent abstraction. In an old-fashioned costume which gave him somewhat the appearance of an aulic councillor he placed himself in a corner of the cabin, deaf and blind apparently to everything said and done around him.

"May I take the liberty, sir," said a young gentleman, presuming on the general belief of the stranger's insanity, "of asking why you found so much enjoyment in the storm?"

Recalled from his reverie by this interruption, the old gentleman arose, and perceiving that the eyes of all present were fixed upon him, made a circular bow to the whole company, with that exaggerated politeness which the conscious object of curiosity assumes, when about to give a satisfactory account of himself.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said he, "it will probably explain anything that may seem strange in my conduct, if I assure you that it arose merely from the recollection of an event which decided in a great measure the whole course of my life, and occurred many years ago when I was composing my first opera."

"Oh! then the gentleman is some celebrated musician?"

"For that I cannot answer. I do my best conscientiously. I attribute my success to a power higher than my own. I have never written any work, without prefixing *In the name of the Lord*, and inscribing at the end, *Glory to God!* My publishers do not complain, and my works enable me to live. My destination now is London, where I hope to fulfil an engagement with the concert-manager, Mr. Salomon. My name is Joseph Haydn."

At this announcement, and amid a murmur of surprise, the whole company started to their feet, and the gentlemen removed their hats.

"Forgive me!" said the young man who first addressed him, "I knew not that we had among us the greatest of living musicians."

"You have not sir," replied Haydn, "for Wolfgang Mozart is not here; but it may possibly interest you, ladies, if I recount the circumstances which made the storm a scene of so much enjoyment to me."

The offer was accepted by acclamation. The ladies formed a semicircle round him; and he related the foregoing history of the composition of *The Lame Devil*. "Ever since then," he continued, "I have enjoyed a real storm; and it has taught me at least one lesson, which may be useful to others. If there be any of you in whom the artist spirit is fermenting restlessly and struggling for expression, in words, in music, in colours, or in stone, beware of imitating an imitation. Make Nature herself your model; and compose your performance, not with that which other artists have achieved, but with abstract excellence. It is only by aiming at the transcendental that we attain perfection."

GERMAN CHORALES.—It was the Lutheran chorale which first embodied the expression of sublime and devotional feeling in congregational music. Whereas, in the Romish church, the musical service was chiefly a performance to which the worshipper listened inactively, the early Protestants largely advocated and encouraged congregation singing. They seem to have thought, Luther especially, with a quaint old writer, that "when Christians sing all together in some easy tune, accommodated to the words of their praise, and not likely to take off their attention from sense to sound, then experience shows that they sing most 'lustily' (as the Psalmist expresses it), and with the best 'good courage.' The sympathy of voice and the sympathy of heart may flow through the whole congregation, which is the finest music to truly serious persons, and the most acceptable to God, of any in the world." This opinion will be shared by all who have heard in the vast churches of Germany the grand old chorales sung in unison by the whole congregation to the accompaniment of a large organ—it is the highest and purest expression of the combined religious feeling of a multitude of worshippers. Those who have not heard them in the churches of Germany can scarcely fail to have noticed in Mendelssohn's oratorio *St. Paul* the sublime effect of "Sleepers, wake," which is, in fact, the Lutheran Chorale, "Wachet auf." The symphony of brass instruments at the end of each strain represents the little interlude (*Zwischenspiel*), which the German organists are accustomed to play at the close of each musical phrase; the object of such interpolations being to give breathing time to the singers after the exhaustion of the long-sustained notes of the tune. Again, Meyerbeer, in his opera *Les Huguenots*, has made frequent use of the chorale, "Ein festes Burg ist unser Gott," a tune which was for so many years the watchword of religious freedom in Germany. The Lutheran chorales, collected (and in some instances composed) by Luther himself, formed the models on which many of our early English church melodies were framed; and, in proportion as this high and pure standard has been departed from, the sublimity and propriety of English psalmody have been lost sight of.—*London Review*.

THE celebrated Sydney Smith was once much disturbed by the unceasing talk of a gentleman sitting near to him at table. After much oracular discourse, the gentleman closed one of his periods by saying that a certain air always drove him from the room, whereupon the wit, looking gravely in the faces of those present, inquired "Can no one whistle that air?"



## Poetry.

## SHAKSPEARE.

How shall the world a fitting tribute pay  
To celebrate the birth-day of the Bard,  
Whose name is breathed with love and reverence  
Wherever beats a heart that can respond  
To lofty utterance and heroic thought?  
Not with the fulsome praise that fools bestow  
Upon some petted idol—not with awe  
That crows the superstitious worshipper  
Of intellect or genius; but as men  
Born to breathe freedom as the very air  
And essence of their being, conscious their lives  
Are but the seed-plots of eternity—  
Who, rendering homage to the King of Mind,  
Whose well-away'd sceptre was the magic pen,  
Would seek to give this thought ascendancy:—  
The Poet, true to Nature and himself,  
Is but a Heaven-selected instrument,  
From which celestial music should awake  
To elevate men's thoughts from self and Earth,  
And draw their spirits nearer truth, to God.

With such remembrance, we, with grateful lips,  
Speak of the birthplace by fair Avon's banks;  
For who, 'midst sunshine of that April morn,  
With the first buds of promise of the Spring,  
Scatter'd the precious, the immortal seed  
Of genius in that spot?  
Who gave to Nature that supreme behest,  
To guard with watchful care the untutor'd child,  
That from a poor deer-stalking lad should rise  
To be crown'd King in the broad realms of Mind?  
To teach him that sweet language of her own,  
Utter'd by children of the woods and fields,  
The happy flowers and trees, the joyous birds,  
The wave and waterfall, and wandering wind?  
Who gave him strength to climb the mountain-heights  
Of human knowledge and intelligence—  
The power from thence to converse with the stars,  
And hold communion with the great Unseen?  
And who endow'd him with the marvellous sight  
And grace to feel the true and beautiful?  
Who gave to him the master-keys of thought,  
To unlock the secret chambers of the soul,  
From whence he drew such wondrous talismans,  
Wisdom, Imagination, Music, Truth,  
That gave him power alike o'er Age and Youth?  
Blessings be on the great creative Hand  
That wrought so wonderful a miracle;  
The Breath that breathed within the infant form  
That deathless spirit, whose Promethean fire  
Broke like a sunburst on the age he bless'd,  
Quickening with marvellous, immortal thought  
Our glorious mother tongue, and thus bequeath'd  
To Saxon language that high heritage,  
The corner-stone of the vast edifice  
Of literature we proudly call our own—  
Grandeur than legacy of Greece and Rome.  
Enrich'd by him thus, shall we mock his fame  
By raising some ephemeral monument?  
For could we build a column to the stars,  
Or could our peans flood the aisles of Heaven,  
Should we reflect one glory on his works,  
Or add an atom to the poet's fame?

Well, then, may Time, with bitter, scornful smile,  
Gaze with contempt upon the puny hands  
Gather'd around some statue, urn, or bust,  
When he, whose ruthless fingers can destroy  
The proudest temples and the loftiest shrines,  
Is conscious that his centuries of change,  
Which in their track have trodden empires down,  
Crumbled the walls of cities into dust,  
Borne people and princes to forgotten graves,  
Is powerless to extend one withering touch,  
To sear a leaf of the immortal bays  
That bind our Shakspeare's brow,  
Though in the waters of oblivion  
Have gone down countless argosies of wealth,  
The ark of Shakspeare's glory floats in peace,  
Safe 'midst the billows of the sea of life,  
Luminous as a deathless star of Heaven,  
That casts its stream of splendour o'er the deep!

Oh, would we learn of Nature how to raise  
Tributes for Shakspeare's birth? Lo! see the lark,  
That soaring sings above the Poet's grave,  
Sweetening its path to Heaven with song divine,  
Till, wrapt within the bosom of a cloud,  
Which like an angel's floating robe of light

Conceals it in its folds, 'tis lost to view!  
Should we waste blessing on the dewy sod  
From whence it sprang; or to the vaults of Heaven  
With straining eye break forth in joyous praise  
For the enchanting, the exultant notes  
Rain'd in delicious music on our ear?  
So not to Earth in homage will we turn;  
Our praises shall ascend, to bless the voice  
That through the gloom of ages speaks, and fills  
With deathless music the high Heaven of thought!  
So turn we from the bray of trifling praise  
The noisy hubbub of the thoughtless throng,  
That think to render homage by their mirth,  
And in our hearts communing with himself,  
Thank Heaven that such a Poet walk'd the Earth!

## MARY STUART'S FAREWELL.

FAREWELL to thee, France! the lone shore now before me,  
As day is departing, fast fades from my sight:  
Farewell! for the evening's dark mantle comes o'er thee,  
And the pale sun is sinking in clouds of the night.  
The sails are all fur'd, and the winds have departed;  
Slowly the oarsmen draw over the swell:  
To old Caledonia I'm borne broken-hearted—  
Sweet land of adoption, for ever farewell!

My bright days are faded—no more, ah! no more  
Will the soft winds of summer waft health and content;  
Our meeting how pleasant, our parting how sore;  
With sorrow of sorrows my poor heart is rent.  
Adieu to the fields where the flocks are reposing;  
The rude storm in my bosom what power can quell?  
Fast around me the shadows of night are now closing—  
Then land of adoption, for ever farewell!

The hills are fast fading away from my view;  
The sun is departed—gone down in the West;  
Bedimm'd are my eyes as I bid thee adieu,  
And big are the tears that roll down on my breast.  
Again on the plains rich harvests will come;  
Again will the happy birds shout in the dell;  
But never again shall I call thee my home—  
Sweet land of adoption, for ever farewell!

Farewell to the friends of my life's sunny morning—  
Farewell! for the cliffs are gone down from my view;  
But again, when the flowers yon banks are adorning,  
Many sighs o'er the waves will my heart heave for you.  
Despair not in woe though the future be clouded;  
The gloom o'er my fortune joy yet may dispel;  
But the sun in the evening's dark mantle is shrouded—  
Then land of adoption, for ever farewell!

## SINGING.

MAN for masters had in singing  
Birds, that erst in Eden fair  
Sent their cheery music ringing  
Through the balmy summer air.

There our forbears, tranced with pleasure,  
Learnt from them the singing art;  
Which, bequeathing as a treasure,  
Sire to son would aye impart.

Spurn not, then, the art delightful,  
Taught us by so free a folk,  
In whose gushing numbers spiteful  
Wish or passion never spoke.

Only to kind hearts 'tis given  
Thus in music to rejoice;  
Only harmless birds hath Heaven  
Granted a melodious voice.

Who e'er heard an eagle trilling  
Lays upon the mountain-height?  
Vulture, owl, or raven thrilling  
All the woodland with delight?

No; they have no heart for singing;  
Think it wiser to be still,  
While a cautious flight they're winging  
Here and there to catch and kill.

So, coin-loving men-defrauders  
Lack the poet's power to sing;  
Sound is nought to such marauders,  
Save when gold and silver ring.

But the man who for his treasures  
Cheerfulness and love hath won,  
Joyeth in harmonious measures  
When his daily toil is done.

## Songs for Music.

(It is intended from month to month, under this title, to publish suitable "Songs for Music." Applications from composers desiring to use the same, must be accompanied with a copy of their arrangements (not necessarily for publication), addressed to the Editor, "Musical Monthly" Office.)

## APRIL RAIN.

THE bright, the beautiful April rain  
Comes from the bursting cloud again;  
The drops seem like pearls from bracelets bright  
Unstrung from the arms of the Spirits of light—  
The angels of love  
Who dwell above,  
And breathe on the world the spring breath of delight.

Oh! it comes, it comes, in eloquent showers,  
Till earth, like a bride, puts on her flowers—  
Till a garland as bright to the valley is given  
As the coronet grand on the brow of Heaven.  
Hark! hark! how it drips,  
As if fairy lips

Joy kisses were pressing upon the green leaves.

Oh! it comes, and it melts like its sister, the snow,  
Into daisies and snowdrops, to cheer us below;  
Then, who can help loving the beautiful rain,  
That teaches us nothing leaves heaven in vain,  
And loves to reveal,  
What happy hearts feel.

All that's bright, blest, and beautiful, comes from above?

## THE HUNTER.

In chasing a roe amid meadow and wood  
As a hunter the morn was beguiling,  
Like a rose o'er the hedge of a garden he spied  
Where a maiden stood gazing and smiling.

Oh, what has befallen the noble steed?  
Is it hurt, that it suddenly halteth?  
And what has befallen the hunter so gay,  
That at once from the saddle he vaulteth?

The roe in its terror still hurries away  
Over hill and through valley so fleetly:—  
Oh, rest thee, thou timid one! what dost thou fear?  
Thou'rt forgot by the hunter completely.

But who is that urchin, with quiver and bow,  
So sly, 'mid the rosebushes lurking?  
O Love! how can you befool people so?  
Fie, fie on the mischief you're working!

## KATIE AND THE FLOWERS.

So near, and yet so far apart,  
When I would clasp thee to my heart,  
And make thee mine for ever!  
Oh! when, when will this life of care  
Be blest like your most favorite flowers,  
That twine in love together?

Well may we envy lives like theirs,  
So free from sadness, doubts, and cares,  
Endow'd with all life's graces;  
Blest with the smile of Heaven above,  
Free undisguised to live and love,  
With happy hearts and faces.

The zephyrs round their blushes press,  
And print unquestion'd love's caress  
Through ceaseless hours of blisses:  
Oh! Katie would to Heaven that we  
Could share those sweets of liberty,  
In fond ecstatic kisses!

## ON THE SHORE.

I stretch out my arms toward the West,  
From the shore of the sea:  
"Come over the wave, O fairy barque,  
That bring'st my love to me!"

It comes from the islands of the blest,  
Like a star through the night;  
For her beauty, which was here in the bud,  
Is now a flower of light.

Will ever the boat, with its precious freight,  
Come safely to the shore,  
And bring me my lost love back again?  
No, never, never more!

Ah! love, why leave me here on the shore?  
Infinite is the sea;  
And when I go forth in a barque alone,  
I never may meet with thee.

## VESPER SONG.

Sleep on, sweet angel of my love—  
Sleep on! for there must be  
A holy band from realms above  
To hover over thee;  
A band of angels pure and bright,  
That bring thee dreams of sweet delight,  
Unquell'd as their raiment white.

Sleep on; and may thy life, O love!  
Resemble this soft sleep,  
May angels from their home above,  
E'er watch around thee keep!  
And in this world so stain'd with leaves,  
To thee a tranquil life be given,  
With joys as pure as dreams of Heaven!



**TRANSPARENT ICE IN FIVE MINUTES, IN ANY CLIMATE.**

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## PATENTS SEALED

A.D. 1862.



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BY ARTIFICIAL OR NATURAL MEANS

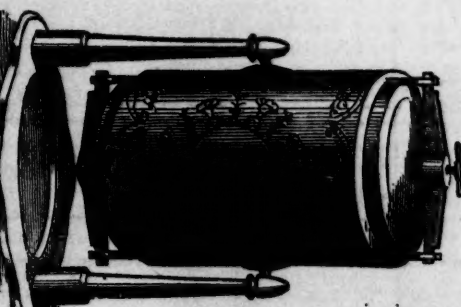
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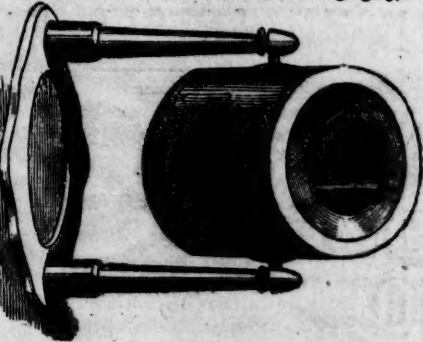
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1. The Bijou. . . 1-pt. 15
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The Bijou and Paragon Machines are recommended for small family use, and being so portable, will be found convenient for medical purposes.



Utilitarian, in addition to supplying all requirements of an ordinary household, is so constructed that after creams are made, bottles of wine may readily be iced.



## EXTERIOR OF MACHINE

Hitherto the convenience and luxury of a Freezing Machine have been confined to the houses of the wealthy, and, notwithstanding the popular partiality for cooled beverages and pure spring water, ice, as well as for frozen syrups diluted with cream or water. Known as desert ice, a cheap, ready, simple, and effective machine, enabling the operator in a few minutes, at any time, and in any climate, to produce transparent ice was unknown until discovered and illustrated in these machines, known as M. Yeollif's Botany or Oscillating Ice Churns. The advantages secured by this valuable invention may be thus briefly enumerated —

# INTERIOR OF MACHINE

I. The simplicity of the machine enables inexperienced persons, in ten minutes, to mould as well as make ices in a single operation.

II. Its durability is manifest from the fact that no violent agitation is employed, as with pistons or other complicated machinery.

III. The convenient size makes it sufficiently portable for carrying in the pocket, whilst its cleanliness is such, that, not only in the kitchen is it indispensable, but in an opera-box or boudoir it could be used without soiling a glove.

IV. It is the only machine that produces *transparent* ice, hence its value to the medical profession.

V. It is so ornamental in appearance that it may be placed on the side-board, where wines &c. fruits may be kept in ice until required for consumption.

**VI.** The motion is such, that creams made by these machines are free from the flaky or lumpy results usual with other freezing apparatus.

**PROSPECTUS POST-FREE ON APPLICATION.**

# THE PATENT FURBATOR

**OR GUINEA ROTARY KNIFE-CLEANER.**

BROWN BROTHERS' *Descriptive Illustrated Catalogue*

21

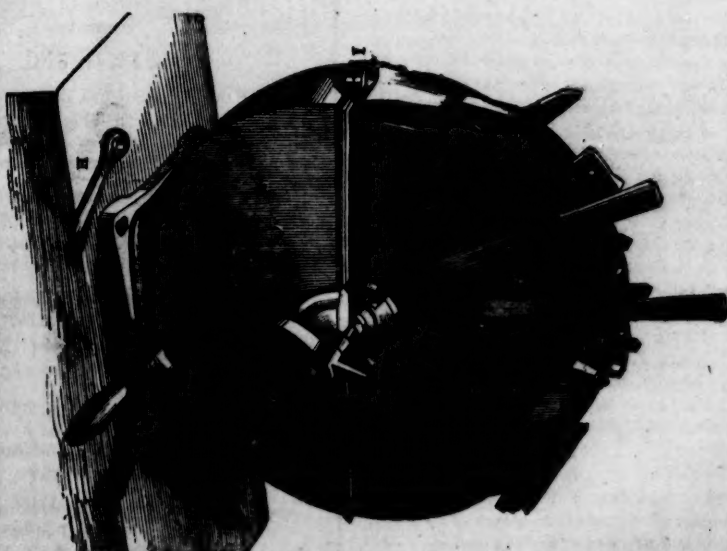


ILLUSTRATION OF THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE PATENT  
PURNATOR.

## EXPLANATIONS AND INSTRUCTIONS

**BRONZE AND COPPER GLAZES** are of a glacial form, as shown in the foregoing engraving. The interior mechanism consists of a pair of discs or wheels, about three-fourths of an inch in diameter, which are covered with stripes of lead oxide or litharge, and a black, or dark blue, or green, or red, or yellow, or any other color, the other wheel being composed of bristled paper, or any other material. The discs are mounted on a horizontal axle, and are revolved by a handle, or crank, or by a glacial engine and a pump (P) at the bottom of the machine. In the rim of the glacial engine the aperture for each of the colors is marked with a letter, and the letters are taken down between the surfaces of the discs; then, when the discs are rubbed or polished at once, both sides of the

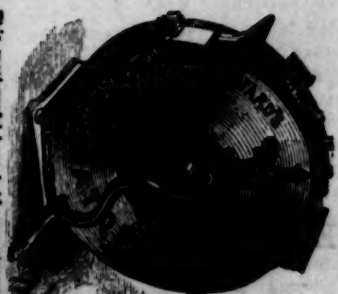
The polluting powder lies at the bottom of the effluent tank, and, as the dices rotate, it is caught up by what are called the dippers (one of which in the form of a spoon, and then projects from the outer circle of each disc, see fig. 2), and then, as it is cast into the centre, is distributed over the surfaces of the dices as they revolve. The polluting powder is a preservation of sour emory, and as the ladders become impregnated with the powder, they rapidly stain the Kalmie, the revolving ladder.

The blades or brush portion of the elastic Machine is, at rest, in the directly under the knife-joint (see I<sub>1</sub>), for the purpose of affording the elasticity requisite for the ready insertion and withdrawal of the Knives. An index (see O<sub>1</sub>) placed at the front end of the spindle, indicates the position of the elastic brush portion of the device, and this index, consequently, must always point in the direction of the Knives when they are being inserted or withdrawn.

It will be perceived, on reference to the engraving, that when the Knives are inserted down to their shoulders, the Knives reach nearly to the centre of the Machine (see *B*):

**FURBATOR, POWDER, or WELLINGTON KNIFE POLISH**

This block contains a prepared knife-cleaning powder which is used not only for the most common household knives but every other Rotary Knife-Cleaner, as well as for polluting steel knives, forks, spoons, and brass cutlery utensils, etc. etc. It is available at 6¢, 1¢, and 5¢.



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Which in their track have trodden empires down,  
Crumbled the walls of cities into dust,  
Borne people and princes to forgotten graves,  
Is powerless to extend one withering touch,  
To sear a leaf of the immortal bays  
That bind our Shakspeare's brow,  
Though in the waters of oblivion  
Have gone down countless argosies of wealth,  
The ark of Shakspeare's glory floats in peace,  
Safe 'midst the billows of the sea of life,  
Luminous as a deathless star of Heaven,  
That casts its stream of splendour o'er the deep!

Oh, would we learn of Nature how to raise  
Tributes for Shakspeare's birth? Lo! see the lark,  
That soaring sings above the Poet's grave,  
Sweetening its path to Heaven with song divine,  
Till, wrapt within the bosom of a cloud,  
Which like an angel's floating robe of light

Conceals it in its folds, 'tis lost to view!  
Should we waste blessing on the dewy sod  
From whence it sprang; or to the vaults of Heaven  
With straining eye break forth in joyous praise  
For the enchanting, the exultant notes  
Rain'd in delicious music on our ear?  
So not to Earth in homage will we turn;  
Our praises shall ascend, to bless the voice  
That through the gloom of ages speaks, and fills  
With deathless music the high Heaven of thought!

So turn we from the bray of trifling praise  
The noisy hubbub of the thoughtless throng,  
That think to render homage by their mirth,  
And in our hearts communing with himself,  
Thank Heaven that such a Poet walk'd the Earth!

## MARY STUART'S FAREWELL.

FAREWELL to thee, France! the lone shore now before me,  
As day is departing, fast fades from my sight:  
Farewell! for the evening's dark mantle comes o'er thee,  
And the pale sun is sinking in clouds of the night.  
The sails are all fur'd, and the winds have departed;  
Slowly the oarsmen draw over the swell:  
To old Caledonia I'm borne broken-hearted—  
Sweet land of adoption, for ever farewell!

My bright days are faded—no more, ah! no more  
Will the soft winds of summer waft health and content;  
Our meeting how pleasant, our parting how sore;  
With sorrow of sorrows my poor heart is rent.  
Adieu to the fields where the flocks are reposing;  
The rude storm in my bosom what power can quell?  
Fast around me the shadows of night are now closing—  
Then land of adoption, for ever farewell!

The hills are fast fading away from my view;  
The sun is departed—gone down in the West;  
Bedimm'd are my eyes as I bid thee adieu,  
And big are the tears that roll down on my breast.  
Again on the plains rich harvests will come;  
Again will the happy birds shout in the dell;  
But never again shall I call thee my home—  
Sweet land of adoption, for ever farewell!

Farewell to the friends of my life's sunny morning—  
Farewell! for the cliffs are gone down from my view;  
But again, when the flowers yon banks are adorning,  
Many sighs o'er the waves will my heart heave for you.  
Despair not in woe though the future be clouded;  
The gloom o'er my fortune joy yet may dispel;  
But the sun in the evening's dark mantle is shrouded—  
Then land of adoption, for ever farewell!

## SINGING.

MAN for masters had in singing  
Birds, that erst in Eden fair  
Sent their cheery music ringing  
Through the balmy summer air.

There our forbears, tranced with pleasure,  
Learnt from them the singing art;  
Which, bequeathing as a treasure,  
Sire to son would aye impart.

Spurn not, then, the art delightful,  
Taught us by so free a folk,  
In whose gushing numbers spiteful  
Wish or passion never spoke.

Only to kind hearts 'tis given  
Thus in music to rejoice;  
Only harmless birds hath Heaven  
Granted a melodious voice.

Who e'er heard an eagle trilling  
Lays upon the mountain-height?  
Vulture, owl, or raven thrilling  
All the woodland with delight?

No; they have no heart for singing;  
Think it wiser to be still,  
While a cautious flight they're winging  
Here and there to catch and kill.

So, coin-loving men-defrauders  
Lack the poet's power to sing;  
Sound is nought to such marauders,  
Save when gold and silver ring.

But the man who for his treasures  
Cheerfulness and love hath won,  
Joyeth in harmonious measures  
When his daily toil is done.

## Songs for Music.

[It is intended from month to month, under this title, to publish suitable "Songs for Music." Applications from composers desiring to use the same, must be accompanied with a copy of their arrangements (not necessarily for publication), addressed to the Editor, "Musical Monthly" Office.]

## APRIL RAIN.

THE bright, the beautiful April rain  
Comes from the bursting cloud again;  
The drops seem like pearls from bracelets bright  
Unstrung from the arms of the Spirits of light—  
The angels of love  
Who dwell above,  
And breathe on the world the spring breath of delight.

Oh! it comes, it comes, in eloquent showers,  
Till earth, like a bride, puts on her flowers—  
Till a garland as bright to the valley is given  
As the coronet grand on the brow of Heaven.  
Hark! hark! how it drips,  
As if fairy lips  
Joy kisses were pressing upon the green leaves.

Oh! it comes, and it melts like its sister, the snow,  
Into daisies and snowdrops, to cheer us below;  
Then, who can help loving the beautiful rain,  
That teaches us nothing leaves heaven in vain,  
And loves to reveal,  
What happy hearts feel,  
All that's bright, blest, and beautiful, comes from above?

## THE HUNTER.

IN chasing a roe amid meadow and wood  
As a hunter the morn was beguiling,  
Like a rose o'er the hedge of a garden he spied  
Where a maiden stood gazing and smiling.

Oh, what has befallen the noble steed?  
Is it hurt, that it suddenly halteth?  
And what has befallen the hunter so gay,  
That at once from the saddle he vaulteth?

The roe in its terror still hurries away  
Over hill and through valley so fleetly:—  
Oh, rest thee, thou timid one! what dost thou fear?  
Thou'rt forgot by the hunter completely.

But who is that trovin, with quiver and bow,  
So sly, 'mid the rosebushes lurking?  
O Love! how can you befool people so?  
Fie, fie on the mischief you're working!

## KATIE AND THE FLOWERS.

So near, and yet so far apart,  
When I would clasp thee to my heart,  
And make thee mine for ever!  
Oh! when, when will this life of ours  
Be blest like your most favorite flowers,  
That twine in love together?

Well may we envy lives like theirs,  
So free from sadness, doubts, and cares,  
Endow'd with all life's graces;  
Blest with the smile of Heaven above,  
Free undisguised to live and love,  
With happy hearts and faces.

The zephyrs round their blushes press,  
And print unquestion'd love's caress  
Through ceaseless hours of bliss:  
Oh! Katie would to Heaven that we  
Could share those sweets of sweet liberty,  
In fond ecstatic kisses!

## ON THE SHORE.

I stretch out my arms toward the West,  
From the shore of the sea;  
"Come over the wave, O fairy barque,  
That bring'st my love to me!"

It comes from the islands of the blest,  
Like a star through the night;  
For her beauty, which was here in the bud,  
Is now a flower of light.

Will ever the boat, with its precious freight,  
Come safely to the shore,  
And bring me my lost love back again?  
No, never, never more!

Ah! love, why leave me here on the shore?  
Infinite is the sea;  
And when I go forth in a barque alone,  
I never may meet with thee.

## VESPER SONG.

Sleep on, sweet angel of my love—  
Sleep on! for there must be  
A holy band from realms above  
To hover over thee;  
A band of angels pure and bright,  
That bring thee dreams of sweet delight,  
Unspilled as their raiment white.

Sleep on; and may thy life, O love!  
Resemble this soft sleep,  
May angels from their home above,  
E'er watch around thee keep!  
And in this world so stain'd with leaves,  
To thee a tranquil life be given,  
With joys as pure as dreams of Heaven!



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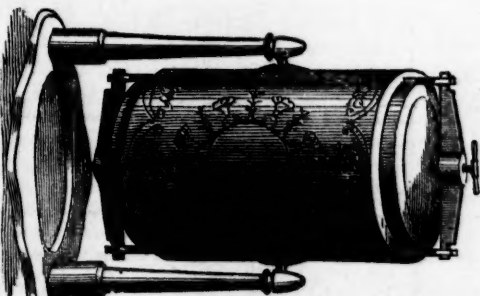
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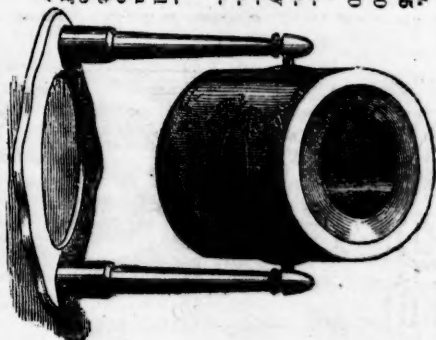


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- V. It is so ornamental in appearance that it may be placed on the side-board, where wines &c fruits may be kept in ice until required for consumption.
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BROWN BROTHERS' *Descriptive Illustrated Catalogue.*

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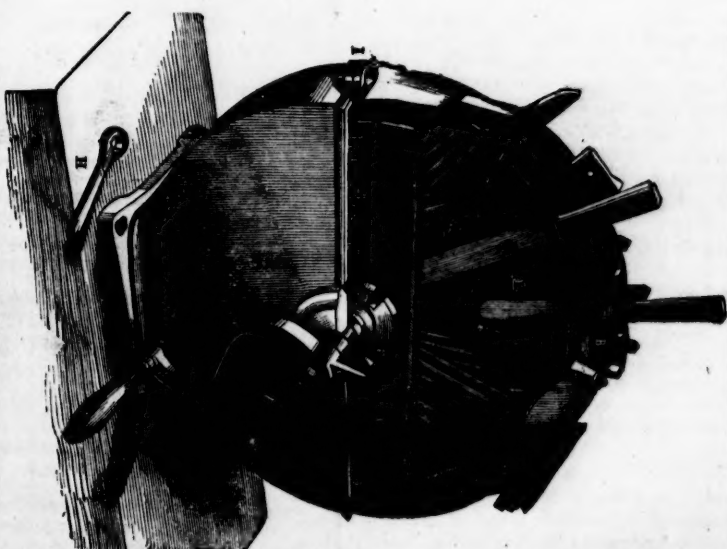


ILLUSTRATION OF THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE PATENT  
FURNACE.

## EXPLANATIONS AND INSTRUCTIONS

**ROYALTY KRYZ-GALEKIAN** are of a cylindrical form, as shown in the foregoing engraving. The interior mechanism consists of a pair of discs or wheels, about three-fourths of an inch in diameter, which are covered with strips of leather placed on edge, the other fourth being composed of bristles of beaver and held together inside the cylindrical casing by a regulating screw nut (*F*) at the back of each. In the rim of the cylindrical casing are apertures for each of the blades of the knives, the blades of which, on insertion, pass down between the surfaces of the discs; on them, whereas the discs or pollsters are set in motion, both sides of the blades are rubbed or polished at once.

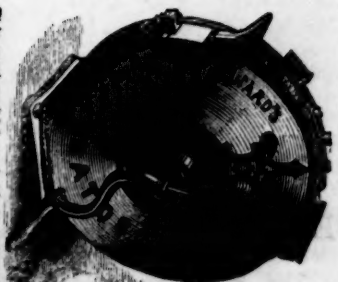
The polluting powder lies at the bottom of the cylindrical case, and as the discs rotate, it is caught up by what are called the dippers (one of which in the form of a scoop projects from the outer circle of each disc, see B), and then, passing into the centre, is distributed over the surfaces of the discs as they revolve. The polluting powder is a preparation of flour energy, and as the leathers become impregnated with the powder, they rapidly clean the knives of the revolving friction.

The bristles or brush portion of the knife, when the Machine is at rest, lies directly under the knife-holes (see *L*), for the purpose of affording the elasticity requisite for the ready insertion and withdrawal of the Knives. An index-finger (see *G*), placed at the front end of the spindle, indicates the position of the elastic brush portion of the die, and this index, consequently, must always point in the direction of the Knives when they are being inserted or withdrawn.

It will be perceived, on reference to the engraving, that when the Knives are inserted down to their shoulder, the Points reach nearly to the centre of the Machine (see J):

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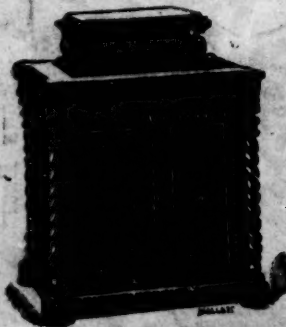
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